

INDIA AND THE FAITH

THE momentous Conference, at present sitting in London, on the political future of the vast Asiatic community called India, must stimulate still further the interest of Catholics, already very keen, in its religious future. Its inhabitants number 320 millions—over one-sixth of the world's population: of that vast number only about five millions are Christians of any kind. The rest are divided into Hindus (217 millions), Muhammadans (69 millions), Buddhists (12 millions), and minor Pagan beliefs. Why Christianity, so successful in its Westward endeavours, should not have gone as far and as fast to the East, shows that Providence, even here, has worked through natural conditions. The Roman Empire had made the West accessible; the way to the East was barred by trackless mountain and desert. Again, why Christianity, having once reached the Far East, has not made more impression on it, may be partly accounted for by the falling away, first of the Eastern Churches, then of the Northern nations, from the unity of Christendom. The Catholic missionary has long been handicapped by rival, unauthenticated, and discordant Gospels preached in the same mission field, and to-day those wasted and misguided efforts remain the chief hindrance to the conversion of India. In a striking paper called "The Influence of English Literature on Neo-Hinduism," by an Indian Jesuit, published here in October of last year, it was pointed out,—1) that the educated Hindu was passionately addicted to English Literature, 2) that the English Literature which influences him is predominantly non- or anti-Catholic. That we shall hear incidentally confirmed in the following pages, the work of a converted Brahmin, now a Jesuit priest. But over and above that pernicious influence, there is the active propaganda of the Christian sects, with their illogical, emotional, subjective presentment of Christianity, the results of which Father Balam lucidly examines and explains. The Faith preached in India has not only to overthrow inveterate paganism, but to vindicate itself against the many bastard forms of Christianity occupying the same terrain.

Father Balam confines himself to the pagan, pure and

simple: to the idolatrous Hindu, the vast majority, 68 % of the Indian population, and asks—"What do they think of Christ?" He answers first of all that the great majority, the illiterates, know nothing of Christ or Christianity, save from seeing a travelling priest or nun. Then he turns to the educated Hindu, speaking mainly of conditions prevailing on the east side of India. What follows is a condensation of a paper by Father Balam].

EDITOR.

That they have heard of Christ, that they have even read of Christ, that they have at least a subconscious idea of the heaven of Christ which is working in India, no one will deny. But by what means has Christ been made known to them? I think it may be safely asserted as a general proposition, that if educated Hindus know Christ, they know Him directly or indirectly only from Protestant sources. Catholic sources just do not come in anywhere—it may or may not be our fault, but it is a fact.

Take for instance Keshab Chunder Sen,¹ who was educated by the Scottish Presbyterians, read Sir William Hamilton, Victor Cousin, Carlyle, Emerson, Theodore Parker, and Francis Newman; and studied the Bible under Rev. Burns. Even his acquaintance with Father Luke Rivington was only at the time when Father Luke Rivington himself was a Protestant; during his visit to England, Keshab met only Protestants, *e.g.*, Dr. Martineau, Dean Stanley, Gladstone, and Pusey. Again, Mr. Gandhi,² when he was a law-student in England, studied the Bible under Dr. Oldfield and heard the sermons of Spurgeon, Dean Farrar, and Dr. Parker. When, later, he led the Indian agitation in South Africa he made friends chiefly with the Dutch and English Protestant missionaries; he came to appreciate Christ after reading "The Perfect Way," a gnostic book written by Dr. Anna Kingsford, a Protestant.

You may perhaps cite Dr. RabindraNath Tagore as an exception to my assertion. But Dr. Tagore confessed that he had never read the Bible; the only Christian influence he had was the infinitesimal amount he received thrice diluted by Ram Mohan, DwarakNath Tagore, and DebendraNath Tagore; though RabindraNath³ has some beautiful things to say about Father De Peneranda of St. Xavier's College,

¹ Cf. Parekh's "Keshab Chunder Sen."

² "Gandhi," by Gray and Parekh.

³ "Reminiscences," by Dr. Tagore.

Calcutta, Tagore's stay in our College was too short to have given him any insight into the motive of our work, which is Christ, and, frankly, Tagore was repelled by our educational system.

One could go on for a long time citing similar instances of individuals influenced solely by the Protestants, but we may say that in general the educated Hindus come to the knowledge of Christ chiefly by the distribution of the Bibles and by the Bible classes in Protestant Colleges and Schools. Every Matriculating student is privileged to receive a copy of the Gospels, every Intermediate student a copy of the New Testament, and every Graduate a copy of the whole Bible. As these books are beautifully printed on thin paper and are finely bound in morocco, few students refuse them. In Madras, every year about November, the British and Foreign Bible Society gets up a meeting, in the Memorial Hall, of the Matriculates, Intermediates and Graduates of the previous year. At this meeting the students are congratulated on their success in the examinations and, after being exhorted to read the life of Christ, are presented gratis with the coveted volumes. Even if the student does not attend this meeting, he has only to claim a copy and he gets it by post. In this way a superficial knowledge of Christianity reaches the Hindu student. But he has also to attend Protestant Bible class whilst at school: without such obligatory teaching contributors at Home might reasonably refuse their help. However, the days of compulsory Bible instruction seem to be numbered. The Hindus since 1917 have made sporadic efforts in the provinces to have a Conscience Clause introduced into the Educational Code, and their teachers are realizing that knowledge unaccompanied by faith is of little use, and therefore contemplate without dismay the abolition of compulsory Bible classes.¹ Still, whilst they last, these Bible classes furnish the Hindu mind with some sort of knowledge of Christ.

After school and college, the educated Hindu youth often comes under the influence of the Y.M.C.A., the meetings of which are centres of Protestant propaganda. Lectures, Prayer Meetings, Private Bible Reading Circles, Social Study Clubs are some of the activities of these associations. There is also a considerable literary output written by Protestants for the Hindus,—the Heritage Series, and the Indian Tracts

¹ "Indirect Effects of Christian Missions," by R. S. Wilson, p. 141.

of the S.P.C.K. are some examples among many. But the chief means of learning Christian thought is the vogue of English classical literature, expounded originally by Protestant professors and loved for its own sake, its stately form, its melody, its sentiment. How much else is learnt destructive of Christianity I need hardly point out, for the English classics include much that is not only anti-Catholic but anti-Christian. Even if the European Protestant missionaries are on the whole on the side of orthodoxy, as they conceive it, it is not so with the hundreds of missionaries from the United States, where the disintegration of Protestantism has been more marked and speedy. Backed by the influence of copious dollars many American brands of Christianity are offered to the Hindu, who is fairly puzzled by their variety. He may easily find in the same college, which is under the joint auspices of a number of different mission bodies, professors teaching different Christs. The professor of English, for example, is a High Anglican who celebrates Mass daily, hears confessions, wears his collar "the wrong way round," and says that Christ is God incarnate. The professor of History is a latitudinarian whose Christ is a mere reforming Jew who never had the intention of founding a new religion. The professor of Philosophy denies the historic Christ but insists on the experience of the Christ-spirit in the consciousness of Humanity.

On the top of all this the unhappy Hindu is likely to be indoctrinated with the Protestant notion that religious truth is an amalgam of the contributions of various temperaments and races. Each nation interprets Christ in its own way, and the true Christ will result from a synthesis of these various views. The idea was voiced at the late Lambeth Conference, but long ago Bishop Gore had said that the religion which actually won Europe and is called Christianity, owed almost as much to the Greek as to the Jew; and if India is to call itself Christian, its Christianity will again owe as much to India as to Europe which evangelized it.¹ And Rev. E. J. Thompson, Principal of the Wesleyan College, Bankura, makes this opinion clearer when he writes of Dr. Tagore, one of the least "Christian" of the modern Hindu leaders:

In [Tagore] was given a glimpse of what the Christianity of India will be like, and we see that it will be

¹ Wilson, *op. cit.*, p. 15.

something better than the Christianity which came to it. The Christianity of India . . . will help Western Christianity, which has made so many mistakes, to know God and Christ better. . . . [In India] God in Nature becomes a reality as [He did] to Christ amid the Galilean lilies. We can see, and seeing rejoice, that Indian Christianity will have at least a Vedantic tinge.¹

A Catholic, following St. Paul, will repudiate this attempt to racialize the universal genius of Christianity, but it is being very generally repeated by modern Protestants.² It is, in fact, at the bottom of all the "Christian Unity" movements in India. Their promoters seem actually to expect that Hindus, interpreting the Gospels in their own way, will more easily be led to follow the Christ of their own interpretation. Whether that Christ will be the Christ revealed to the Church He founded, and preached by her to all nations alike, is another matter. The fatal denial of the objectivity and absoluteness of revealed Truth, now characteristic of almost all non-Catholics, makes their message as missionaries singularly ineffective. Hitherto they have preached an English Christ; now passing to another extreme they encourage the Hindu to evolve an Indian Christ, lest they should be asked to suffer the humiliation of accepting a Christ from the West. Considering that our Lord, as a Jew, was equally "foreign" to East and West, this sort of adulation of nationalism has no place in a supernatural and supranational system like Christianity. Patriotism in religion was the bane of Europe of the sixteenth century. It disrupted Christendom and culminated in the worship of the "goddess of Reason" in Notre Dame; it led logically to the deism of the eighteenth and the atheism of the nineteenth century. Under the guise of adapting Christianity to national prejudices, instead of endeavouring to make "a new creation" of their converts, non-Catholic missionaries, not without success, are trying to emphasize the differences which Christ came to obliterate.

There is little wonder, considering the way in which most of them come into contact with Christianity, that the Hindu's idea of our religion is vague, inadequate, and inconsistent. We gather that idea from their speeches and writings, which

¹ "Tagore," by E. J. Thompson, p. 101.

² Wilson, *op. cit.*, p. 15.

we must look for mainly in the North. The North has been the battle-ground of religions from time immemorial. Vedism, Buddhism, Jainism, Upanishadism, Saktism, and Puranism fought their first battles there, and there practically all the modern religious reform movements have originated: the Sikhism of Nanak, the Krishnaism of Vallabha and Chaitanya, the Brahmaism of Keshab, the Aryaism of Dayananda, the Ramakrishnaism of Vivekananda, and the Reformed Hinduism of Bharat Dharma Mahamandal, all are from the North, where also Muhammadanism made its first conquests. The South can claim only one reform movement, Theosophy, but Theosophy is Indian neither in its origin nor in its first leaders. The educated Hindus of the South are a very conservative body, wedded to the caste traditions of their forefathers.

In the North, then, short of recognizing in Christ the uniquely incarnate God, all gradations of opinions about Christ, ranging from the absolute denial of His historicity to the *Logos*-theory of neo-Platonists, can be found among the educated Hindus. That Christ is a myth is the view of the more violent Arya Samajists, at least of the older amongst them. Dayananda, to whom the notion of incarnation was taboo, ridiculed the stories of the Gospels in his "*Satyartha Prakash*." Kahan Chandra Varma used to tour India preaching that Christ was a myth, taking his arguments from the Rationalist Press publications. He had a vogue among many educated Hindus, yes, among many of the Hindu students of our schools. But he carefully avoided any discussions, private or public, with Christians, though he used to boast that he had routed other Christians in other unnamed places. Though this preacher drew large audiences, I do not think that he convinced many that Christ was a myth. The utmost he did was to advertise the fact that some "Wise Men of the West" denied the historicity of Christ.

Mr. Halдар, a retired Deputy Collector of Ranchi, may be taken as the representative of a small body of men who, while accepting the historicity of Christ, try to prove that Jesus was just a Jewish rabbi with all the ignorance and prejudices of the Jews of His time. He quotes in his book, "*The Cross in the Crucible*," in a truly Protestant style, texts after texts from the Gospels to prove his point, texts of course violently wrenched from their context. He accuses Jesus of teaching such low, demoralizing and barbarous doctrines

as racial discrimination, contempt of knowledge, vengeance of God, hatred of kith and kin, condonation of servitude, and intemperance in drink. He further alleges that all the evils of European civilization are directly due to the teachings of Jesus. These blasphemies originate, of course, from Europe, which the nationalist Hindu is not ashamed to follow in its irreligion.

That Christ existed, a mere man, and taught an exalted code of morals is a view preferable to Mr. Haldar's, and happily it is perhaps the most prevalent one in India. Mahatma Gandhi is perhaps the most prominent exponent of this view which concentrates on the Sermon on the Mount. At one time Mr. Gandhi would have professed Protestantism had not his Jain friend, Rajendra Kavi, dissuaded him. Mr. Gandhi's sentimental admiration of Christ pleases the Protestants—so much so that they invite him to address their missionary meetings. But even amongst Christ's moral doctrines, he picks and chooses. He takes part of the Sermon on the Mount; he rejects the whole of its complement, the Sermon in the Cenacle.

Swami Vivekananda, and with him the Ramakrishna Mission people, hold that Christ was not merely a great teacher of morality, but a Prophet of God, one who had intimate relations with God, one sent to the Jews, who had become spiritually decadent, to raise them up to a higher level, as other Prophets have been sent to other nations. He was so superhuman in his virtue as to have become in some sense God, as other good men have and can become.

Somewhat akin to this theory is the view of a Southern Hindu, K. S. Ramasami Sastri, who, in a series of articles in *Hindu*, a Madras journal, contended that Christ was a Hindu Yogi, belonging to the South Indian caste of blacksmiths, the so-called Visa Karma Brahmins. The Pharisees were a colony of orthodox Brahmins who had emigrated to Palestine and settled there, developing a few peculiar traditions. Christ, who had attained Yogic union with God, taught them and the multitudes the vanity of earthly ambitions and condemned the blindness of the ritualistic Pharisees. I am not sure how, according to Ramasami Sastri, Christ learned Yoga Sasthra. But I guess that his theories were based on the apocryphal Gospels, and on the false report published by the Russian, Nicholas Notovitch, about a historical document in a lamasery in Ladak, showing that Christ came to India

to sit at the feet of the Brahmins to learn Yoga Mimamsa. A view like this about Christ could have originated only in the conservative, caste-ridden, obscurantist South.

If Christ could be a Yogi why not a Mahatma? The attempt was bound to be made by the Theosophists, who aim at reinterpreting past religious history in accordance with their principles of reincarnation. They pay homage alike to Mohammed, Buddha, Krishna, and Christ, and have even built at their headquarters at Adyar, Madras, a temple, a mosque, and a church; the latter equipped with bishops.

Being out to construct a cosmic religion, the Theosophists could not conveniently ignore Buddhists, Muslims, and Christians, therefore they conceived the successive appearances, age after age, of the Mahatmas (Great Spirits), the legates of Para Brahmin, who participate with him in the governance of the world. The Platonic doctrine of the Eons and the Amsamsavatara theory of the Hindus gave some authority to this view. These Great Spirits emanate from God and are in some way identified with Him. God takes care not only of the Hindus but of other nations as well. He saved India through Krishna, China through Buddha, Persia through Zarathushtra, Arabia through Mohammed, Judea through Moses, and Europe through Christ. According to this view every religion is true, not only partially but entirely, *i.e.*, for the nation and the time in which its particular Mahatma appeared. The apparent contradictions between any two religions are explained away by saying that they were due to the necessary accommodation of doctrines to the genius of the people to whom came the Mahatmas. This Theosophic conception of Christ is held by many educated Hindus, though not in identical terms. But I cannot dilate upon these variations.

Finally, there are those who consider that, without being God, Christ transcends all the great teachers of mankind. The representatives of this school form a small section of the Brahmo Samajists. Ram Mohan Roy was the first of them. He was principally a social reformer. But he found that only a social reform based on the teachings of Christ could be a stable reform. In the year 1820 Ram Mohan published a book called "The Precepts of Jesus." With reference to this volume, he says: "The consequence of my long and uninterrupted researches into religious truth has been that I have found the doctrines of Christ more conducive

to moral principles and better adapted for the use of rational beings than any others which have come to my knowledge." ¹ To Ram Mohan Roy, Jesus Christ is the unique Teacher of mankind. What Jesus Christ was, Ram Mohan could not or would not examine. However, some explanation of the claims and exploits of Christ, such as Messiahship, miraculous powers, passion, redemption, etc., had to be given. Therefore, his Gospel commentary takes this shape—" ' In the beginning was the Word,' *i.e.*, in the beginning of the public ministry of Jesus, he was illumined to teach morality to the world. ' The Word was with God,' *i.e.*, Jesus withdrew from the world to commune with God and to receive Divine instruction. ' And the Word was God,' *i.e.*, Jesus was invested with extraordinary miraculous powers "; and so on. This, of course, is not Christianity but undiluted Unitarianism, and, accordingly, Brahmaism has fraternized with American Unitarianism.

There remains to mention a striking but isolated attempt by a Hindu, Keshab Chunder Sen, at a worthy realization of Christ. Keshab's Christ is incomparably superior to the other Christs we have been so far considering. To Keshab, Christ was the very Son of God; but, alas! not in the downright Catholic sense. Let him explain in his own words:

Before Abraham was, I am. He [Christ] felt that He had a pre-existence. . . In what shape did Christ exist in Heaven? As an Idea, a Plan of Life, as a Predetermined Dispensation yet to be realized . . . not concrete but abstract, as light not yet manifested. In fact, Christ was a manifestation on earth in human form of certain Ideas and Sentiments which lay before God. God took the lower half of His own holy Nature, that which related to the position and the character of a Son, and He invested It with flesh and bones and blood and sent It into the world. . . There is an Uncreated Christ, as also the Created Christ, the Idea of the Son and the Incarnate Son. This is the true doctrine of incarnation. Christ is . . . an incarnation of *Logos* of man, archetype and exemplar of men, according to the Platonic philosophy.²

He proceeds to describe the Blessed Trinity:

Alone in His eternal glory the Father dwells. From Him comes down in a direct line an emanation from

¹ Parekh's " Ram Mohan Roy."

² Parekh's " Keshab Chunder Sen."

divinity. Divinity coming down to humanity is the Son. Divinity carrying up humanity to heaven is the Holy Ghost. The still God, the journeying God, the returning God [God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost]. . . He [the Son] is God in man. . . As the Lord spoke, the *Logos* came forth and was lodged in creation. . . Wherever there is intelligence . . . wherever there is the least spark of instinct, there dwells Christ. . . I deny and repudiate the little Christ of popular theology and stand up for a greater Christ, a fuller Christ, a more eternal Christ, a more universal Christ. I plead for the eternal *Logos* of the Fathers. . . This is the Christ who was in Greece and Rome, in Egypt and in India. In the bards of the Rig Veda was He, He dwelt in Confucius and in Sakhya Muni. The one Ideal Christ manifest in multiform concrete little Christs.

This is as far as the unguided or self-guided Hindu mind has been able to soar: not from God this view, since it "severeth Jesus," but capable of inspiring real devotion, expressed by Keshab in lyric strains.

In reviewing the opinions of educated Hindus about Christ I have mentioned, for the sake of clearness and brevity, neither the varying opinions of the same men at different times, nor the unnumbered permutations and combinations of these several views. From all these diverse opinions one thing becomes plain: Educated Hindus, whether of Gandhi's school or of Keshab's school, venerate Christ, when they do venerate Him, only in so far as His teachings can find room within their national prejudices. Till they get out of their narrow patriotism and racial pride, till they come to admit that God might have passed over the Hindu and revealed Himself in a unique manner to the Jew, there is little hope of educated India falling at the feet of Christ who is God. There is no question of real conversion unless an educated Hindu is prepared to reject a great deal of what now binds him to the traditions of his race. I have seen and, seeing, mourned the apostasy of three of my convert friends who, after their conversion, found they could give Christ but the second place in their heart, that heart being already full of the glory of this bit of earth called India, and chained by the miserable bond of Nationalism. There is another friend of mine who, thank God, has not apostatized, but has the bitterest gall in his mouth when he speaks of the Westerners

who converted him. This is the natural reaction from centuries of thralldom under alien rule, but if you hate a Westerner just because he is not an Easterner, your spirit is not that of the Christ who said, "Go and teach all nations, baptizing them," etc. There is a healthy patriotism and a sane nationalism which produce within the pale of Christian citizenship, noble and worthy fruits, but much of the patriotism that is now vociferous in India is not compatible with the claims of Christ for the supreme possession of our heart. Patriotism, opposed to Christ, is an unthinkable blight on the soul. If educated India turns from the Christian faith the blame should be laid at the door of the British and American Protestant sects, who have had so great a religious influence on India and yet have not explained to her the spirit of Christ. As an individual a Protestant missionary may be able to plead "not guilty" to this charge. He gave what he could. But the principles of private judgment and nationalism in religion have combined almost to ruin the chances of Christ to win educated India. They have not preached the real Christ, the normal Christ, the uneccentric Christ, the true Christ of historic Christianity. Therefore, although all the major reform movements, the Brahmo Samaj, the Arya Samaj, the Ramakrishna Mission, the Servants of India Society, and a score of others have received the leaven of Christ, this Christ was the Protestant Christ, the lop-sided Christ, the Christ of sentiment, the Christ of fiction, not the Christ of fact. The educated Hindus know little of the real Christ, the Son of God, the Christ who is the centre of humanity, the Christ in whom all the noble qualities are found "in their highest perfection yet in most complete symmetry," in whom are found, "ardent zeal and inexhaustible patience, noble fervour and indulgent leniency, holy seriousness and sunny cheerfulness, majestic greatness and deepest humility, inflexible determination and sweetest gentleness . . . warmest love for sinners and invincible hatred of sin . . . mildness and force, resignation and resistance, adamant strength and motherly tenderness."¹—and, in short, the perfect Man hypostatically one with God. About this historic Christ who truly lived, truly died, truly rose from the dead, and truly redeemed mankind, the educated Hindu has no perception.

Again, you cannot come to the Father except through Christ, and in the normal order you cannot come to Christ

¹ Felder, "Christ and His Critics," ii. 211.

except through His Church. And the educated Hindu has no real notion of the Church which Christ founded, as the perpetual oracle of God, the pillar and the foundation of Truth. The educated Hindu does not know the Church of the Apostles which evangelized the world, the Church of the Martyrs which shed in torrents its choicest and purest blood, the Church of the Fathers which investigated the sublimest mysteries of the Most High, the Church of the Theologians which perfected a philosophy unique in the world, the Church of the Monks which raised the banner of unworldly perfection and baptized the Arts to the service of Christ, the Church of the Missionaries which planted the standard of the Crucified in the darkest corners of the world; the Church, I say, of Peter and Paul, of Agnes and Laurence, of Augustine and Chrysostom, of Aquinas and Bonaventure, of the Jesuits and Franciscans, the Church which to-day rules the consciences of wellnigh a fifth of the human race, the Church which is alive, growing and glorifying God,—this Church the educated Hindus know not, while we who represent this Church in India have been systematically misrepresented to the educated Hindus as a light-shunning, antiquated, fossilized sect whose past is dark, whose present is obscure, and whose future is *nil*. They are being taught that Christ is an ideal, Christianity a hindrance and "Churchianity" a plague. What the religious future of such educated Hindus will be is appalling to imagine. To know Christ yet not to love Him in the only way He deserves to be loved, this is the tragedy of educated India, which no political evolution can make good.

M. L. BALAM, S.J.

THE CLOUD

WHEN Micky Briggs was born, his mother was extremely drunk. Mrs. McCarthy, in the room below, had heard her crashing around most of the afternoon, and when she started to scream, Mrs. McCarthy paid no attention at first; but afterwards some instinct made her go upstairs; which was lucky, I suppose, for Micky Briggs. Quite a crowd pushed its way up there, and Dr. Dolan had hard work to empty the room of them. Micky was therefore born, not at the right time, but still, he lived, his eyes tightly screwed up in a face like crumpled, wetted, red blotting-paper.

Mr. Briggs regarded this event as a new excuse to keep out of the house, and very soon he went away altogether. Hereupon Mrs. Briggs started to collapse even more rapidly; she pawned everything she could lay hands on. There was not much: she and her husband and two children had slept in the large bed, beside which Micky was at first placed in a box. A daughter and two grown lads had lived in the other room, which contained a bed and the gas-ring. Not that Mrs. Briggs had ever cooked much; she preferred tins, and the boys ate at odd moments in the shops that sold off jellied eels and even sausages till late at night. Their mother stole their clothes whenever she could, to pawn them; and she soon broke up the baby's box to make a fire in the room of Miss Brindle right downstairs—Miss Brindle was very small and weak and was easily driven out by Mrs. Briggs. The baby thereafter slept along with the others in the big bed, Mr. Briggs being no more there.

It was Mrs. Briggs's habit to give this baby sups of strong tea, and pieces of pork to suck; Mrs. McCarthy, an interfering woman, took it away sometimes to the local Welfare Centre, where it was weighed and given milk. It was no use taking milk to Mrs. Briggs's, because she could sell even that, and did. The baby was extremely silent. It allowed its elders to put their fingers into its tiny hand, but did not clasp hold of them with the amazing grip that most babies can apply; nor did it weep. It often puckered up its face as if it were going to cry, but very seldom did it utter so much as a whimper.

After a while, disappearances became rapid. Alec and

Dick, the two boys, were growing up rough and heavy, and were often absent a week at a time. Lizzie Briggs, whose mind had been entirely formed by the cinema, grew up smart, noisy, and sentimental, and went out with one and then another. When Micky was nearly three, she had a baby. Neither she nor her friends nor her brothers were sure who its father was; but as it was born with an enormous forehead and a devastated face, hideously scarred, and died almost at once, no one had to take responsibility, and Lizzie was removed to hospital. Hereupon the two young men definitely disappeared.

Mrs. Briggs now entered upon her final stage of collapse; there was nothing left in the house; its filth was appalling. The two elder of the surviving children were sent to a home, and Mrs. McCarthy said she would look after Micky. Broken to the horrors that are possible in the world, she had thought she knew sufficiently the degradations of life, but when she looked in one day and found what a state he was in, she resolved then and there to remove him. He was now about four.

Mrs. McCarthy had always loved Micky and thought him a queer baby. He was very good; but at last, all of a sudden, he learnt to cry, not making a noise, but just sitting with tears running down his face. She ended by knowing when he would do this. He dropped what he was holding and sat with his mouth a little open and with clouded eyes. Then he began to cry. She mothered him in all the ways she knew; but nothing would *make* him stop crying—he just stopped. His great joy consisted in colours; he looked at them in shop-windows and above all at a street-side where a man drew in chalks. The man made friends with Micky and gave him some bits of chalk; Micky took them home and made coloured marks all over the room; it was his only disobedience. At last Mrs. McCarthy convinced him he must not draw on the hearthstone—for she had one; then he lost heart and left the chalks untouched; they finally were thrown away. Mrs. McCarthy was sure he did not like them any more. But one day there was a rainbow. Micky stood staring at it, in the street, and was all-but knocked down by a car—not one of the lorries that swept violently round the corners, but a quite carefully-driven car. A grey-faced young man picked him up from the gutter where he had rolled; but the little boy struggled and thought of nothing but the rainbow.

He kept saying : "Purple, purple, blue and them colours," and afterwards looked about for the chalks. Mrs. McCarthy ran and bought him a little packet of crayons ; but when they came, he had lost heart again and would not use them.

Since Mrs. Briggs cared nothing at all what became of Micky, Mrs. McCarthy took him at times to the convent hard by, and the nuns began to love him too. Small as he was, he was allowed to come and sit quiet in a corner of the school, looking at picture-books, save when he went off into a long dream. Mr. Briggs, who reappeared from time to time in the neighbourhood, unexpectedly enquired after his son, and, though he did not object to Micky's going to the convent, or even, after a while, having his name upon the school-books, he abruptly developed religious scruples and refused to allow the child to be baptized or brought up Catholic. It seemed strange to the Sisters that Micky never said any prayers, not even when the rest did. He liked pious pictures, but just as he liked ordinary ones. The parish priest was a shy man, and could not get on with children ; his assistant priest was a hearty youth and an athlete, and in his heart (he never noticed this) had a contempt for weaklings. He was very busy with his clubs, and his football team did excellently, though its members had mostly ceased to go to Mass when they left school, and they none of them went to Communion, even at Easter. He had had a sharp tussle with a neighbouring priest, who insisted on all members of his clubs going to the Sacraments monthly : he said that if they did not, they were rotten apples and tainted the rest. Micky's priest retorted that good ought to be more powerful than evil ; that his lads were fine lads all the same ; that anyway they'd come back to be married (they did so, oftener than the girls did), and that they'd die with the Sacraments. The controversy never was finished, and possibly never will be.

So Micky became a lonely and often unhappy boy. He would not talk to the two priests, and each, for different reasons, was glad of the excuse for not talking to him. They nodded kindly and passed on to others. The nuns became aware that they could not teach him anything, but he gave no trouble ; he was ever so quiet ; they liked having him there—it would be dreadful, they said, to send him to one of those horrible schools for defective boys. A doctor saw him, and said there was nothing the matter with him. Give him time. Feed him. Let him have plenty of games.

The sad thing was, that games were worse than anything. Micky could not co-ordinate . . he couldn't throw a ball where they wanted him to throw it, and *he* didn't want to throw it anywhere. He rather liked balls, because they were round and smooth. He once tried to steal a ball, because he liked it. They knocked him about for that; so he took no more balls, but stole any small round thing, like a knob, that he could find and hide. But nobody wanted him in games; they yelled and howled when he kicked in quite a different direction from where the football was: no one could make him remember which goal was which. Micky *knew* all right; but when the moment came for kicking, he got confused. Even when he was alone, sometimes a cloud passed over his mind; he could not make things out, or why he was there, or where "there" was. He felt puzzled—a little frown of puzzlement began faintly to mark itself between his eyebrows. Micky felt: "Oh why am I like this? why can't I be like the others?" The nuns had given him some chinks, but he became far too shy to use them. He kept them in his pocket and sometimes he touched them. Even the nuns . . he forgot which was which, and even when he knew quite well, he might forget a Sister's name, and, while he was trying to remember it, he would not answer her, and she would think that he was sulking. After a while, he really did begin to sulk. A mood descended on him, out of which he could not pull himself. By the time he was seven, he began to drive Mrs. McCarthy desperate. He broke all the handles off the cups, one evening, while she was talking to a neighbour. All he knew was that he hated the cups: perhaps he thought he would pull their ears off, as a boy at school had said he would do for him, if he gave him any of his lip. Micky had given no lip . . the boy had wanted something—Micky would willingly have done it, but just then the cloud came, and he could not understand what the boy was talking about, and he could not remember what he was supposed to answer, so he said nothing, and that was supposed to be "giving lip," and the boy had said he'd twist Micky's ears off, and did twist his wrist. Up to then, Micky had had very little pain. He knew that this was pain, but he could not understand why his wrist was being twisted. He even supposed it was all right, somehow; but he couldn't understand; he knew he didn't "fit into" life, and this was far worse than having his wrist twisted.

When Micky was eight, Alec reappeared. He called at

Mrs. McCarthy's, and asked to see the others. He was told that the older two were in a Home, but that Micky would be at school. He waited outside for him, took him by the arm, smiled a lot, and said he would give him dinner. He made Micky drink some port, and when the boy recovered from his daze, he was in a part of London he did not know.

Alec kept him in his room for two days : then he produced a small barrow with a number of flower-pots upon it, filled with earth. They proceeded to the suburbs, and here and there Alec picked almost any sort of twig (it was summer) and stuck it in a flower-pot. Then he sent Micky to the door of a house that seemed propitious, and made him tell the woman who opened it that one of these pots would flower next September. Micky believed it would, because his brother had told him so, and it is incredible how much money they made thus in a day. Often they would get one-and-six for a single pot. In the evenings, it amused Alec to make his brother drunk : it was very easy to do, and he had to spend hardly any money on it. Otherwise, he was a cold-blooded youth, and Micky learnt little else that was evil from him. But as the season ended, the job appeared to be giving out, and one day Alec took Micky into a publichouse and presented him to a blind man. He said that he had himself to go away on business and that the blind man would look after Micky. He was a real blind man, and he made Micky lead him about and add to his financial value, so to say. Micky remained with this man till he was over eleven, and by then there was nothing for him to learn about vice. The blind man compensated for many of his own disabilities by teaching Micky stories and rhymes which the boy told to little groups or even in publichouses. Thus they made far more money than the man had been accustomed to. Micky on his side stole as much as he dared from the blind man, and was able to buy himself more food, and he began to grow. He grew into a lanky boy, quite unable to control himself in any way, and all you can say of him is, that he was everybody's victim out of mere inability to be anything else. Still, the fresh air did him some good ; and since the blind man lashed out in his direction with a stick, if he ever sulked, he managed to hide his moods though they made him more miserable than ever. He was beginning to *hate* . . .

One day the blind man slipped on the kerb-stone, fell, and

broke his leg. The street was empty. Micky took the money-pouch, and ran away, leaving the cursing cripple in the gutter.

The year and a half which now remained to Micky were the unhappiest, though also the vaguest of his life. He never attached a name to any place or person, and if he was told a name, he forgot it. The cloud was nearly always there, and he seemed to feel it, now, as it were solidifying. Micky was always frightened, never knowing what would happen next, nor why anything did happen. Sometimes people kicked him—in reality, they became exasperated with his vague face, for he appeared again and again trying to ask for a job or a meal. Sometimes, quite suddenly, the cloud cleared away, and he became the sharp young Cockney; besides, at such moments, his rhymes and stories came back into his head, and he was always sure of a guffawing audience. It seemed that these were the only things he could remember, but even these, as I said, not always. On the road, if he saw a lorry, he would usually say: "Give us a lift, mate," and the lorry-men, who are most of them cheery souls, would give him what he asked, but usually he had to pay in kind. Thus he became a tissue of tortured nerves. Apart from those hours of exhilaration, when he laughed and giggled and squealed, and romped into incredible obscenities, he was nearly always miserable, but sometimes angry. When he was miserable, he cried. "Why am I like this?" he asked himself. But he had learned that no one must see you cry, and he bit savagely at his soul, to hurt himself so much that he should be unable to weep. But when he felt stronger, he was angry. He had a down upon Society. He felt quite sure that he was all right really, and that if people would give him a chance he'd be as good as anybody. It was in moods like this that he broke things. He was often on the roads at night or very early; when no one was about, he would wrench padlocks off or smash the hinges of a garden gate, and especially he would destroy flowers. When he did this, he was causing himself so much pain (because even in the dark or the discolouring light of dawn, he knew how brilliant they must be) that he could exult in the thought of the pain he would cause to others when they found out their devastated garden. It was his revenge. It was also his tragic manifestation of strength—he could manage something, as well as them, see if he couldn't!

One night he was walking along a canal tow-path, when he

saw his brother Alec and another young man saying good-night to a girl under a bridge. He was just shrinking back, when Alec saw him, ran out, and caught him by the wrist. The girl scuttled off. Micky, keeping his head low and twisted to one side, went down on both knees in the mud. Alec caught his chin and pulled his face up. He was drunk, but knew what he was about.

"It's you, is it?" he whispered, and added blasphemous insults. "Spying on a bit of fun. I'll teach you. Here—hand over your fags to start with!"

"I ain't got no fags," Micky began. But his brother, going hastily through his pockets, found a packet. He gave the wrist another twist, and Micky yelped sharply. Alec cursed, and hit him violently in the face. Micky knew he had been hit, but the cloud eddied enormously around him, and swallowed understanding up. He said nothing. Alec, angrier still, hit him again. Micky did not move.

"Strip that coat!" commanded the young man. But it was he who had to take the pitiable overcoat from the boy, who lay there thin and ungainly in trousers and vest, for he had nothing else upon him. Perhaps it was the sight of the vest, glimmering in the darkness beneath the bridge, that somehow maddened Alec. He kicked his brother violently in the ribs: the boy, with a spasm, heaved himself up, swayed, and fell back into the water.

The two young men, ice in their veins, stared for a minute at the dwindling ripples, and then ran.

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"My dear Mary," said Mrs. Margesson to her sister, the Reverend Mother, "I don't care *what* you say, and I consider it absolutely *wrong* of them to send you back here at your age."

"Please God, I've had the chance of learning to be wiser than I was!"

"When I think of that lovely convent all among the pines, and then after six years to send you back to this slum. . . I think they were most ungrateful and *wicked*."

"I'm happy anywhere with children, Peggy, especially with these poor little slum ones. They do so need mothering."

"I think they're horrible," said Mrs. Margesson, thereby

making her very tired sister begin to feel angry, "I'm sure they're half of them defectives and ought to be *put away*."

"Peggy! 'put away'?"

"Oh—I don't mean lethal chambers or anything like that; though really when I look at them I sometimes feel. . . Well, I'm sure their parents ought to be prevented from having any children. I believe in the United States they give certificates or something. Anyhow, I think at your age, Mary, they ought to let you live among *beautiful things*, and I don't think those ugly little wretches with their *degraded* faces ought to be seen in public at all. Hidden, that's what I meant. And I believe half the children in your school are defectives!"

"Not half . . . And one of the things I've grown wiser about is just that sort of little child. Even five years ago, Peggy, I never even tried to find out whether there was a way of really helping them—curing them! Oh, Peggy, if you knew—such lonely little souls! If you guessed how lonely they are! And how puzzled about their poor little lives. And how, if you do try to persuade their parents to let them go away and be properly looked after—No! they must come and do a job the moment there's the least chance of earning a shilling—and then, the public bodies that won't give a penny they aren't forced to, so as to send defective little children to where they can get a chance."

"Billy says they ought to be sterilized. It's horrible they should be turned loose to victimize Society."

"My dear," said the Reverend Mother gravely, "when your husband also says he'll start with his own family, yes, and yours and mine, my dear, I might attend to him; and also, when he's learnt that those helpless little defectives are the victims of Society and not its victimizers, and that it's against Society that they have to be protected. It's the so-called sane, my dear, who take the chances those poor little clouded minds provide them with!"

"Well, my dear, I'm sorry. But I must be firm, and refuse altogether to allow either of my two daughters to come and help you down here in *anything at all*. I want them to be surrounded with nothing but beautiful things and thoughts and not even to *know* about these ugly, horrible things."

"Peggy, after a time, both you and I'll have to die, you know. Perhaps horribly. We shan't be at all beautiful. Oh yes! People 'in our class' often have to die quite as abomin-

ably as anyone! Do you think you'd want the girls to stop away from you? Wouldn't it hurt you if they refused to come? And Peggy—there's the Crucifixion. . . Our Lady stood there. . .”

“*Mary!* I think it's disgusting to talk like that! It comes of being a nun, I suppose. You're all twisted and out of proportion.”

She laughed.

“All right, Peggy dear! We won't quarrel over that. But if you want to see some of the loveliest things in the world, you must manage to see the souls of even—no! *especially*—little defective children. Peggy! once you begin to love them, that *almost* is enough; it's like seeing a dawn coming through the clouds, to watch them! Often they only need a little love, to begin with. Pray that I mayn't fail to give it!”

C. C. MARTINDALE.

[NOTE. All the ingredients, so to say, of this article are “true happenings” and within the writer's experience, though they did not all occur within one and the same human life. It was, in any case, a special happiness to write these pages, because of the Silver Jubilee of Mgr. T. A. Newsome, with whom I was staying when I wrote them. I trust that any reader can see that none of “Micky's” tragic history need have happened (apart, of course, from his actual birth and brief home-life) had he been taken to Sambourne, the preparatory home to Besford Court, and had he proceeded to Besford Court later on. Micky suffered from no incurable lesion or physical defect. Besford Court is one of the very few Catholic institutions of this country which do not enter *into competition* with non-Catholic ones, because all other such Institutions enter—at present in vain—into competition with it. “Celestially” speaking, Besford is, in this country, the outstanding miracle of Ste. Thérèse de Lisieux; psychologically, scientifically, socially speaking, it is a “portent” at which America and Australia are right in looking with admiration and even envy. At Besford, to which I myself owe a long spell of peace and healing kindness, the Catholic Faith is “proved” by concrete examples—nowhere can “lay” science do more for human creatures: nowhere can what is *not* Catholic do so much. May these pages rank among my small offerings of gratitude and homage to a house where the Administrator and the little Saint “se font la révérence”!]

"THE FATHERS" : WEST AFRICA

IT was a good deal of a shock to read the other day in a responsible paper that of some eight thousand Protestant Missionaries engaged in China when the bad troubles started two or three years ago, a matter of seven thousand five hundred have retired from that field of endeavour. I haven't any personal knowledge of China and its peoples and conditions, but will none the less adventure the opinion that if and when China goes peaceful again those seven thousand five hundred will find it hard to go back and take up their work where they left it. Unless, that is, the heroism of those two Protestant ladies, brutally murdered the other day by brigands who had seized and held them to ransom, lives on in the memories of the Chinese and smoothes for those others the path of return.

Over a period of twenty years it happened to me to see many Missionaries, of various persuasions, at work in Darkest Africa. Let me speak mainly of those of my own creed, known as "The Fathers."

Two of the Fathers, whom I knew very well and admired, were Father Oswald Waller, an Alsatian, and Father Cermenati, an Italian from Milan. Waller was a patriarchal personality—six feet four, very fair complexion, long-bearded, a great pipe-smoker of tobacco which he grew himself. A first-rate farmer and also a professor of Philosophy. A slow-speaking, shrewd, statesmanlike man. A man of boundless courage, of irresistible persistence, untiring, one who lived and expected to live all his days in active service conditions, yet built houses and made farms and orchards out of bush land as if he were going to spend his later days enjoying the fruits and resting under the trees. A disciplinarian, and a most humble, holy man to boot.

When the War started he was Prefect Apostolic down our way, and amongst his Missionaries were certain young Fathers who were Alsations, and, therefore, technically Germans. Father Waller sent to each of them a notification, something in these terms :

1. A state of war exists between France and Great Britain on the one side, and Germany and Austria on the other.

2. As your ecclesiastical superior, it is my duty to inform you that, if your conscience requires you to return to Germany for military service, you are at liberty to depart from the Mission for that purpose.
3. And as a Frenchman domiciled in British territory, I warn you that, in the event of your attempting any such thing, I shall at once advise the British authorities thereof with a view to your being interned.

None of those young Alsatian Fathers went, or wanted to go. They reckoned themselves Frenchmen, and though France hadn't treated the Church too well—far, far otherwise—yet when the time of testing came, the clergy showed themselves better patriots than the politicians: which should not have surprised anybody with any real knowledge of those two orders of men.

Father Waller was the first man to use a plough in our part of Africa. There was one lying derelict in the Government store, had been there for years, originally got out by an enthusiastic Department of Agriculture which felt sure that a plough was better than a hoe, a hoe being the native weapon, the only one used in farming operations. The Department in its enthusiasm forgot that our natives had never seen nor even heard of such a thing as a plough, that the average Administrative Officer was not competent to instruct in its use, that anyhow the thing could not be drawn by a man, and that in all that country no animals were used for draught purposes. Consequently the plough on arrival was admitted to Store and stayed there, rusting, forgotten.

The Store was pretty dark, especially to one entering it straight from the blazing sun glare, and I found the plough quite by accident one day when I went in to look for some telegraph wire. As a matter of fact it tripped me up, scratched and tore me when I fell into its embrace. I had not known there was any plough in that place, and I was not pleased with the plough. But I remembered it. So, later, when on tour I came to Father Waller's Mission, and he gave me dinner and we talked, I told him of the plough, willing then to laugh at my misadventure. He was interested at once: told me ever such a lot about ploughs, how desirable they were. I said I didn't doubt the Government would sanction my lending him ours. "In fact," I said, "I'll send for it, and report what I've done. That will save time. If I ask authority to lend the

thing, sanction will be given, but in due course, and through the usual channel—which means in about six months' time!" Father Waller said nothing.

I was at the Mission again a fortnight later. In the afternoon, I being in the Rest Camp, a considerable cloud of dust appeared on the road, coming towards me. It came slowly, and from the moving lump of fog I heard the sounds of voices saying encouraging things such as "We are nearly there now, Brothers. Just a little further. There will be good pay for this work. And days of *dolce far niente* with money to spend. Hearten up, Brothers!" I thought I heard other things also, quite different things, and a good deal of grunting and groaning.

Well, that was the plough. Twelve men had brought it a matter of a hundred miles through swamps, and hills, and sandy going and rocky going, crossing rivers—bridgeless—and had found it a trying, tiresome job: few things are less adapted for carrying on human heads than is a plough. The carriers set it down, the dust sank, the fog thereof floated away, and there it was, still rusty, but quite unbroken, the same old plough. Within a very few minutes Father Waller came hurrying across from the Mission, and was so much pleased with the plough that he almost went down and said a prayer to it.

When I asked him how he proposed to work the plough now he'd got it, he said all he wanted was a good ox, or, better, two good oxen. I said at once that there were no oxen in the Store. It was quite certain that the Mission couldn't buy any oxen because the Mission didn't have any money to buy anything with: the Fathers lived pretty well on what they grew. Also in that part of the country there weren't any cattle at all. However, back at Headquarters, two good fellows, Protestants, suggested our buying an ox and "dashing" it to Father Waller. "If we don't he'll be out with the other Fathers pulling it on his own," said the Doctor, "and that won't do any of 'em any good in this climate!"

So we bought a young beast, a good one, paid a couple of pounds for it, and sent it up to the Mission. It went unwillingly, almost as if it had heard about the plough and wasn't for it. In fact, when we saw the animal start off, well roped, two men pulling forrard and two aft, the Soldier said it would never get there and the Doctor said that if it did it would never knuckle down to plough-pulling. I just hoped

for the best, albeit I thought Father Waller was taking on something that might defeat even him.

But it didn't. A few months later the Doctor was up that way and on his return reported that the ox was dragging the plough like anything: that Father Waller had contrived the necessary tackle, done the requisite breaking-in, that the beast was fit and fat and well, and the farm already showing vast improvement.

Father Cermenati, my other friend, was of an entirely different type. He was as dark as Father Waller was fair, as short as the other was tall, as vivacious as Waller was sedate. A swift-speaking, fiery little man. No farmer, he: his days all spent in hustling about his "Parish"—some seven thousand square miles of it—up in the dark, his Mass said and himself on the road the moment it was light enough to see the way. He'd a push bike, and on it carried his Mass things and a change of clothing. It was his custom to eat native food, cooked by natives, and to sleep on the ground: he'd no luggage, no servant. Seventy, eighty miles a day, I've known him do, over any and every sort of country. He spoke various of the languages—and that takes a bit of doing, let me assure you, I that have tried myself—and was known to every native, Pagan, Mohammedan, Christian, men, women, and children, all that lived in his "Parish." He instructed adults, baptized babies, said Holy Mass, administered the Sacraments—and was off to the next place on his itinerary.

Long before the war I asked him what was the little chain and metal label that he wore on his wrist. He showed me, and I saw for the first time one of those identification plates that we all wore when we went to the war. So far as I know, Father Cermenati was the inventor of that device: the specimen he wore he'd himself made and inscribed with his name and quality: it wasn't at all the natty little affair that we bought from the outfitter's when we came to have need of such a thing. The idea at the back of Cermenati's mind was just this—he felt pretty confident that he'd one day collapse in the Bush whilst on one of his hustles, and though that prospect daunted him not at all, he wanted to ensure that when his remains were found the label would be there, and so he would be assured, sooner or later, of Christian burial and Masses.

In my time the Fathers had no scheme of going on Leave: they stayed out on the job until they died, or until they got so ill as to be useless: then they were evacuated from that un-

wholesome land. Thus many of them stayed out for fifteen or more years on end, whereas all other Europeans in the country went on long leave to Europe at the end of a two years' or shorter spell. Their poverty was apostolic, and they laboured unceasingly, yet a number of them survived, still survive. But more of them didn't, and alongside every Mission Station you will find a graveyard, a graveyard with many mounds. When I first met Father Waller he was starting a new Station, and in the first year, of the little community of five, three died. That would have shaken most men. Father Waller tended his brethren when they were sick, buried them if they died—and carried on.

That Station began with the arrival of Father Waller and two others at a small native town right at the back of beyond; the local African being then barely under administrative control. With very little money, no Government backing, and nothing in the way of prestige, they bargained with the native chief for the use of a tumble-down mud-shack. The first thing was to get a proper thatch over them, with the rainy season approaching. They swotted at the local language, which, like most native languages in those parts had to be learned by word of mouth, from natives who very quickly tire of anything in the mental effort line. Fortunately Father Waller spoke Arabic well, and that being the Latin of the Mohammedan scribes, the *intelligentzia* of that little world, he got on terms with them: he knew vastly more Arabic than they did, but refrained from telling them so, and before they quite realized what was happening he had got a vocabulary written down and was out and about practising and learning by talking with any and every native of the place.

He helped the chief with advice about all sorts of matters—how to keep accounts, how to make roads and bridges, how to get more and better crops off the farms—and he handed out seeds of various edible plants hitherto unknown in that district. He gave counsel also in regard to sheep and stock generally, and showed how to catch the wild bees from the bush and get them to live and make their honey in the back garden. And he grew some tobacco from his own special imported seed. That was a master-stroke. All those natives smoke, and they grow tobacco, all of them. The stuff they put into their pipes is the worst on earth, a hard conglomerate of stems and ribs and sand and worse, and when Waller harvested his crop of fine leaves and presently had a quantity of

very superior tobacco on hand, at least as good as the best of what comes out of Rhodesia to-day, he became a popular figure. He hadn't any money, but he had the tobacco.

Well, the people after a while agreed to let him have a few acres of land which they'd quit attempting to farm themselves, had abandoned as worked out, useless fallow, and in return for services rendered and presents given, they helped by fits and starts with the building and other work that had to be done. Passing that way during the dry season I found Father Waller and his two young priests busy as bees at the building : a back-breaking, messy job it was, too. Side by side with that activity the land was being got into shape for sowing. There were a few sheep and goats and some chickens. One of the Fathers, a Doctor of Divinity actually, was O.C. flocks and herds, and I remember seeing him trail off early in the morning with his mixed lot to seek good grazing : in the late afternoon I watched him come back, his charges all present and correct. You can't turn such things out on their own down that way : it's not only wild dogs and leopards and lions and now and then a hyena that take toll, the creatures may stray : and it is the unhappy truth that even in that country there are persons who harbour so much affection for sheep and/or goats that they simply *can't* pass by one unguarded. That little Father was one of them that died early. But though he had not taught much Divinity yet he had done very perfectly the job that fell to him, and he lived and wrought like a man and died like a saint.

Four years from the start, the Mission was flourishing : good houses and out-buildings of native brick : a fruitful orchard : masses of bright flowers a-growing and a-blowing : a fine farm, which the Government sent its Agriculture Expert to ask if he might see ; not an inspection, but just a look-see : even experts gladly examine a show that is a good show, going well. The rusty plough and that unlikely-looking ox had put in a lot of good work by that time. The flocks and herds had grown greatly, were a better-looking lot than the natives' own, for all they came from the same stock. And there were lettuces and carrots and other European vegetables galore in the kitchen garden. Government men took to going round by the Mission if they were anywhere within reach when touring, just to have a look round, and to accept the most welcome "dash" of garden truck which the Fathers never failed to offer.

To the last I have kept news of the church. There was a church: it was the best of the buildings. There were small black servers at Mass, barefoot, woolly-pated little fellows, darting about in scarlet cassocks and white cottas, making the responses in Latin that sounded the real thing, carrying the Missal back and forth, ringing the bell: the bell-ringing was apt to be vigorous and prolonged: I have noticed Father Waller checking it with firmness. And there was a congregation: men and youths mostly. The Devout Female Sex in my part of Africa seemed always to lag a long way behind in the matter of turning Christian—not the fault of their men-folk, this, either. They, the ladies, just didn't take to it, in a manner of speaking. No doubt when they do they will set the men an example, even as they do elsewhere on earth.

That was the achievement, after four years of labour. The place and the work were alive and cheerful: and there was the little graveyard with its mounds close by.

It was the practice of the Government to place out at approved Mission Stations some of the small freed slaves who had been rescued from traders, and whose homes could not be ascertained. These little people were classed as Wards of Government, and the Missions that took them on were subject to supervision in so far as these Wards were concerned. One tiny lad came into my hands on a day when, trailing through the Bush, I came very sudden-like upon a bunch of Africans who didn't have any likely reason for being there, instead of on the caravan road a mile or two away. One was ever on the look-out for slave traders, but at first, though suspicious, I could see nothing to prove that this lot were in that line, apart from their general appearance and the fact of their being where I came upon them. But what the dickens were they doing off the road if they'd nothing wicked in the doing?

Keeping them in talk, I looked 'em over carefully. One woman with a small child at her back kept well away in the background, so I got her to come forward, and spoke with her. She'd an evil face—and the child seemed fully large for her to be carrying him: children of his size are generally on their own feet. I asked if the youngster were ill, and before the lady could tell me, he had wriggled out of the band that held him and was skipping about on the ground. One of the men called something to him, and the child looked to where the noise came from. The man said something else,

and the child looked harder, seemed puzzled. The woman made to catch him up, and he dodged her. She said something to him, and again he registered *non compris*.

That was enough. It took very few minutes to discover that the little chap had been walking: his legs and feet were dust covered, the soles hard and the calf muscles firm and set: miles and miles he'd walked in his time. Quite evidently he didn't belong on that lady's back, strapped there. Further, nobody in the outfit could talk to him, nor could any of them understand what he said, for all he chattered away freely enough. They put up the usual story, just for form's sake I suppose, that he was the woman's child, his papa gone on a long journey to another country. . . He was a slave all right, and he was duly rescued, therefore.

Now, what with my Political Agent, Interpreter, Couriers, Escort, personal servants, carriers and hangers-on, we had a repertoire of something more than twenty native languages. All of these were tried on that small boy: he talked as hard as anybody, and in the latter end we were beat: whatever his language was, none of us could get anything out of it—or into it!

He was a bright little beggar, and I handed him over to the Political Agent and the others in succession, to be cared for—each returning him with apologies, after not more than twenty-four hours, saying that, in spite of the 3d. *per diem* that went with him, they really could *not*: he ate enormously, and all the time, they said, and he was such a mischief, turning their hair grey and making them all untimely old. In the meantime this engaging little fellow was busy making friends with me: cultivated me most assiduously: hung about me when I fed, attended when my ponies were being groomed, was always present when the Escort mounted guard or did a little drill.

He won. I took him on myself, and labelled him Johnson, Mister Johnson—Massa Jomsin to my Africans. He trekked round with us for months: learned a native language that we all spoke. The name of his country, its location, the name of his people, of these matters he could tell us nothing. We were doing long marches, and at first I detailed a carrier to carry Massa Jomsin, but that carrier resigned at the end of the first day, as did every other carrier whom I appointed to the duty: they all said they would far, far rather carry a large, live fish than carry Massa Jomsin.

So I bought him a donkey, and Massa Jomsin accompanied us in state and in comfort—his comfort, not the donkey's. But in the end we all loved him really: he was such a human, wicked little rascal, and such a constant, living, quick-fire joke. It's very hard to laugh in that country, and yet it's ever so good for your soul and body to laugh. Jomsin did us good. Did me good particularly.

Well, the time came for me to go home on leave, and there was question of what to do about Massa Jomsin. Time he started to be a human being, one with a soul, instead of staying just a fat, plump-faced little heathen. I sent to Father Waller, asked him would he take the little man as a Government Ward. Father Waller said he would: and came sixty miles overland, in the rains—such a trek!—to say good-bye. . . . It was a wrench, parting from my little pal, but he, on being shown parting gifts—a tiny sword, a ditto turban and baggy trouserines and gown, embroidered leather riding boots and so forth—went very willingly with my dear old friend. And I was glad he went so: time enough in the years to come for him to have frets and worries and heart-aches.

Father Waller wrote me at intervals about the lad, and one day came a letter saying he was now instructed and a Christian, with a Christian name, and a server at Mass. His Reverence had hinted once or twice that even he at times thought he saw signs of a pretty unusually bad old Adam in my *protégé*—and, when he wrote the news of his latest advancement, about the Christian name, he mentioned that this was Boniface!

"By any other name he'd . . ." no, I can't continue that quotation.

J. F. J. FITZPATRICK.

THE LOGICAL OUTCOME OF MODERNISM

IT is sometimes said that "modern thought" is not really modern in the sense of being new, but only modern in the sense of putting ancient thoughts into new language. Now there is one aspect of modern thought which really seems new not only in form but in content; and this is the idea that we can have a religion without a God. Dr. Fulton J. Sheen sums up his study of modern philosophy under these two heads: "1) There is a growing tendency in contemporary philosophy to present a religion without a God. This is done either by denying God altogether, which is rare, or else by emptying the God-idea of all traditional content and identifying it with anything as vague as 'nissus' and as vaporous as 'society divinized.' 2) As a substitute for religion in terms of God and man, the majority of philosophers of religion offer a religion in terms of value or friendliness of the universe. These views are new; they are forcing themselves upon intellects and are meeting with favourable reception. It is not enough to dismiss them as 'modern' or 'foolish' for they are offered in all sincerity."¹ Of these two tendencies we have an excellent example in Professor Julian S. Huxley's Conway Memorial Lecture, October 1, 1930, which puts into compact form a great deal of what has been worked out in more detail and with infinitely more competence by many "modern" thinkers. Professor Huxley himself makes no pretence at originality, and though he somewhat arrogantly dismisses such men as Bergson, Dreisch, Whitehead, and Eddington in a sentence, he may be taken as indicative of a certain type of "modern thought." Many of his ideas, indeed some of his phrases, come from more recondite books whose views he seeks to popularize; and so important does he think this work of popularization, that he has given up his professorial chair and "mounted the pulpit" to "break the bread of science to the multitude."² The burden of his

¹ "Religion Without God," by Fulton J. Sheen, Ph.D., S.T.D. Longmans, Green and Co., Ltd., 1928, p. 82.

² These are Sir Arthur Keith's expressions. Sir Arthur also refers to the condemnation Huxley has incurred from orthodox scientists by this desertion of pure science. "Some would willingly drum him out of his regiment. He has sinned against the code of the orthodox scientist and flagrantly poached upon the preserves of the Church . . . the younger Huxley subjected himself to a shorter but more intensive discipline in biology; after his short apprenticeship he, too, mounted the pulpit steps" (Introduction to "Science, Religion and Human Nature," pp. 7-8). While admiring his sincerity and his sacrifice, one

preaching is religion without God; and this standpoint seems at first sight so odd that it may be worth while examining it.

To begin with, there is no God. "God in any but a purely philosophical, one is almost tempted to say a Pickwickian sense, turns out to be a product of the human mind. As an independent or unitary being, active in the affairs of the universe, he does not exist." "The Nineteenth Century has shown, or so many of us believe, that a whole spawn of monstrous ideas about religion—verbal inspiration, eternal damnation, magical efficacy of prayer or formula or rite, miraculous intervention and the like—have no validity in themselves and are none of them vital to any religion. For such of us, supernaturalism and revealed religion are dead, because meaningless."¹ This kind of thing has a flavour of staleness about it; it smacks of the grandfather, Thomas Huxley. What follows was scarcely heard of in Thomas Huxley's time; it smacks of the grandson, Julian: "To imagine, as many people do, that religion will cease to exist if the idea of an independent God ceases to exist, is to be lamentably illogical."² And so Professor Julian Huxley proceeds to outline a new religion "without God" but "with a scientific basis and outlook," which will "*utilize almost without exception the elements and practices of the existing world-religions.*"³

The "scientific basis" derives from a survey of the history of religions which shows that "religion is a function of the human organism, a natural product of the human spirit," a "reaction of the human spirit to the facts of destiny and the forces by which it is influenced," but a "reaction into which there enters a feeling of sacredness."⁴ This feeling of sacredness is to be understood as an "emotion which contains that compound of fear and fascination, mystery and active interest, which, according to the precise blending, issues as awe, reverence, superstitious fear or a sense of holiness."⁵ Here is the essence of religion: 1) Some reaction

cannot feel the same about his competence. An apprenticeship in biology is perhaps small recommendation as a philosopher or even as a preacher. Huxley has, however, *magni nominis umbram* and a certain gift of expression.

¹ P. 18, "Science, Religion and Human Nature," Conway Memorial Lecture. Watts and Co., London, 1930.

² Dr. Sheen gives a long list of modern philosophers who agree with this statement. Cf. "Religion Without God," pp. 44—48.

³ "Science, Religion and Human Nature," p. 71. Italics mine.

⁴ This is the view of Troeltsch and Otto, among others.

⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 25. Reminiscent of J. H. Leuba, W. Spens and others. Cf. J. Conway Davies, "Religious Experience and Christian Theology," in the *Church Quarterly Review*, October, 1930.

to the facts of destiny, such as prayer to gods, sacrifice, etc., and 2) the feeling of sacredness.¹ The important fact is that religion "is no more and no less a function of human nature than fighting or falling in love, than law or literature." Professor Huxley's comparison of religion to falling in love is not very happy, since, after all, one usually falls in love with somebody, whereas religion, in his view, bears no relation to anything or anyone outside oneself; but what he means is quite clear: religion consists in having emotions of a sacred kind, and not in getting into contact with God or any nonsense of that kind. This he makes very clear when he outlines the fundamental convictions of his new religion, the first of which must be that a personal God who interferes in human affairs, a future life, with future sanctions, intercessory prayer, sacrifice—all these modern science has shown to be outworn superstitions. The second fundamental must be reliance upon science and the power of its concepts to mould the new evolution of the human spirit.²

At present, of course, it is too early to say exactly all that the coming religion will mean; it will, however, follow certain general principles. First, it will be agnostic and will be content with ignorance as to "the ultimate nature and purpose of the universe and the truth of personal survival after death."³ Second, it must have a great distrust of pure deductive reasoning and abstract principles. In passing, one may notice Mr. Belloc's unkind translation of this into: "Intellectual sloth forbids them to examine an argument, or even to appreciate the implications of their own assertions."⁴ We wonder whether the Professor has read an older book, Mallock's "New Republic," so reminiscent are his theories of that entertaining satire. Third, it must break with any fixed or rigid authority and be willing to accept change,—a prin-

¹ W. James reduced religion to two things likewise: 1) An uneasiness, a sense that there is something wrong about us as we naturally stand; and 2) Its solution or sense that we are saved from wrongness by making proper connection with the higher powers ("Varieties of Religious Experience," p. 508, 37th impression, 1929). Freud says much the same thing, if he is correctly reported by J. K. Mozley in the *Church Quarterly Review* for October, 1930, "Freud and Religion."

² "Science, Religion and Human Nature," p. 57.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 58. Mr. J. D. Bernal, Professor of Structural Crystallology at Cambridge, pursues his agnosticism to strange lengths, saying, "We know that what we know is probably not true," and "Of the future we know only that we cannot know." He would be a bold man who would tell a scientist that there is anything scientific that we *cannot* know.

⁴ "Survivals and new Arrivals," p. 189; Belloc's summary of "the modern mind" finds pointed application in Huxley.

ciple with which Mr. Bernal cordially agrees. Fourth, it must abandon "prayer in the ordinary sense, fear of incomprehensible punishment, propitiatory sacrifice and worship that is regarded as agreeable to its recipient."¹ It will, of course, recognize that many agencies like the cinema and radio have taken up functions formerly exercised by religion; nevertheless, it will hold the religious spirit as a great force in life and will acknowledge that it is a duty and a need "to think reverently on the forces that mould man's destiny" and to think on them "in their totality."² To enable "the rank and file of workaday humanity" to do this, organization will be necessary; and this organization will set apart certain people to be leaders and teachers and to arrange some form of religious service.

This religious service would presumably take place in a church. I say presumably, for I presume Professor Huxley means a church when he says: "An object into which men project their emotions in order to concentrate religious feeling and give it a common focus for many individuals."³ Exactly what the service would consist in, is not too clear; meditation certainly, a reverent thinking on the forces that mould man's destiny, etc. Whatever it would be, however, the service would result in "the achievement of a sense of harmony and peace, a conviction of the value of existence," and escape from the sense of sin; and it would give full scope for "the sense of grace and of conversion and all kinds of mystical experience."⁴ Among the aims of this religion are "vicarious sacrifice, atonement, self-denial, and asceticism, the ecstatic or even orgiastic liberation from the bondage of sin, of self, or of convention, temporary or permanent retreat from the world, participation in inspiring ritual."⁵ The "permanent retreat from the world" appears to envisage the formation of Religious Orders or Congregations; a sketch of their rule would be interesting, but is not, of course, forthcoming.

The new religion would be in no wise ineffective: it would help to abolish the individual's sense of isolation and helplessness; it could provide organization of the religious life by retreats and celebrations, instruction and ritual; it could

¹ "Science, Religion and Human Nature," p. 59.

² *Ibid.*, p. 61. The phrase "in their totality" probably refers to Whitehead's theories of the "principle of concretion," which means that everything that exists involves in some way the totality of all being. But as Huxley uses the phrase it is meaningless save to readers of Whitehead.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 62.

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 63.

⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 65.

help to kill fear and the sense of sin, to develop personality and the spirit of altruism.¹ Here presumably we have Professor Huxley's tribute to the effect of the religions he has studied; and his reference to retreats, which evidently are to be of the same order as our Catholic retreats, is particularly interesting. The motive of it all would be the obligation to further the upward course of evolution, both in the individual and particularly in the race, for "who can doubt that the motive of work for the continuing race [*sic*] and the increase of its capacities for achievement and enjoyment could be charged with religious emotion and so made the main conduit for the long-range aspirations of man?"² In practice the programme would demand from the adherents of the religion a pledge to work against things "like war and narrow nationalism and obscurantism, and the supremacy of purely economic motives, and otherworldliness³ as opposed to this-worldliness and *laissez-faire*: to work for certain other things which seem more ultimate and valuable, like freedom, tolerance of sincere experiment, the advancement of knowledge, race improvement, the preservation and creation of beauty, the removal of fear, and so on."⁴

Such is Professor Huxley's outline of the religion of the future; he says the outline is necessarily incomplete and subject to change and evolution. But the essence of it is perfectly clear and is not subject to change or development. Religion is nothing but a series of emotions and experiences, and we can have these emotions and find them helpful without any need of a God. There is no God to pray to, yet we can still have prayer; no Omnipotence to reverence, yet we can still have a deep sense of reverence; no future sanctions, yet a sense of sin and release from it; no future rectification of the injustices of this world, yet a deep sense of peace and harmony and a conviction of the rightness of things; no salvation, yet conversion; no transcendent Supreme Being, yet mystical experience,—and so on. We are to have churches, Sunday service, ritual, hymns, sermons, instructions, ministers of religion, possibly bishops, too, just as we always have had; only instead of a God, we are to worship

¹ It is needless to refer to James's defence of religion along these lines.

² "Science, Religion and Human Nature," p. 75.

³ Leuba says: "The evils bred by the traditional conception of God may be called by the general name of 'otherworldliness'" ("Psychology of Religious Mysticism," p. 329.)

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 77. This puts into concrete form the practical bearing of much of the "value philosophy" so widespread to-day.

the future race, or possibly the glories of science; instead of our own future life, we are to worry about the future life of our great-grandchildren; and we are to be altruistic and self-sacrificing, in order to realize our own personalities better, to plumb deeper depths in ourselves. We are to give up abstract reasoning, to put our hand trustfully in the hand of the scientist and trust him to give us a much more satisfactory "religious experience" than the old religions ever did. For there is no God—and Huxley is his prophet.

At first sight one wonders if Professor Huxley is not having a joke with the more modernistic of the Anglican ecclesiastics. He says: "The more liberal theologians have realized the implications of the scientific revolution in the domain of lifeless matter and in the field of evolution, but not in psychology and comparative religion."¹ And really he does seem only to have pursued Modernism to its logical conclusion. For Modernism, as I understand it, comes to this: religion has little or nothing to do with truth, it is merely an adjustment of our own feelings and experience. What is a postulate of the best religious experience is true, or at least true enough to work upon; many of our traditional ideas of God, many of our formulas and creeds are merely the reflection of the experience of the time and need have no validity for the present generation. They change with the time, with scientific progress; and though scientific progress shows certain ideas to have been quite wrong, quite false, this does not in the least destroy their religious validity. They comforted, uplifted, inspired, evoked generous and useful emotions and thus fulfilled their whole function. It is our part now to find ideas about ultimate things which will likewise comfort and uplift; but to worry about the truth or falsity of the ideas is merely silly, since truth or falsity are words which have no application to religious things. Truth is only what can be verified by exact scientific experiment and all religious ideas are quite outside the domain of experiment, save the experiment of the resulting feelings or experience. In this both Modernist and scientist agree; the Modernist accepted the one test of the scientist, that of experiment, and tried to build a faith satisfactory under any scientific test.²

¹ *Ibid.*, p. 50.

² The Modernists attempt to find in "religious experience" an objective fact which is capable of being verified by scientific methods. James's "Varieties of Religious Experience" gave the movement great impetus among philosophers.

Modernists accepted the idea of "evolution," that is, that the universe and man were produced by a process of inevitable and absolutely uniform natural forces—and then made God so "immanent" that He became practically identical with these natural forces. They accepted the "historical" Christs of the critico-historical school—and said that it was not the Christ of history who was important, but the Christ who appealed to our inner experience. They accepted the theory that many Christian practices were derived from pagan religions, and justified them on the ground that they evoked a satisfying religious response and were expressive of suitable sentiments. They admitted that prayer was largely a matter of self-hypnosis, but defended it on the ground that it brought to the active surface more noble currents of consciousness and endeavour. They agreed to scrap creeds as being outworn tissue of bygone modes of thought, but would "re-state" the matter in terms which would avail for our generation. In short they laid all the emphasis on the appeal to the emotions, on the effect upon our feeling and in-experience; and now Professor Huxley unfurls the flag upon the mast they built, roundly declares "I believe, in fact, that men have in very truth made the gods," and insists that religion will get on much better by frankly admitting that religion is "a function of the human organism, a natural product of human nature." Religion is the same, more or less, as poetry or music; tragedy, as Aristotle said, exists to arouse pity and fear, and by so doing to effect a purgation, or release of emotion, a *katharsis*, in the soul. Religion is the same, except that its function is to arouse feelings of peace and sacredness and thus produce a similar *katharsis*; it has no more truth than the tragedy of Othello. But we value great poetry and great music, and so we value religion.¹

But we cannot acquit Professor Huxley on the grounds that he is "ragging" the Modernists. He speaks too seriously: he really believes in his new religion; and one is almost tempted to advise him to go to certain non-Catholic churches and find his religion already in full operation. For not a few Modernistic incumbents speak as if they practised what Professor Huxley preaches. They no longer believe in "dogma," nor in authority, nor in the traditional creeds of Christianity. They do not conceive their duty to consist in bearing witness

¹ This is not an unfair conclusion to draw from some writings of I. A. Richards, W. Spens, Streeter, and Bethune-Baker.

to the truth of a revelation given by God; they speak as if their whole duty were to give a religious tone to modern currents of thought, or to correlate our experiences with the outlook of modern science, to provide their congregations with ritualistic and exhortative helps "to adopt a particular emotional adjustment to experience." For them, everything is relative, even the existence of God and the Resurrection, relative to the effect these concepts produce in us. So Professor Huxley need only attend some more advanced church to find his religion in full swing.

This view, however, may be considered too pessimistic. Whatever be the theoretic beliefs of ecclesiastics, the mass of Christians still believe in God and in Christ, however vague their faith; and in popular discourse, Modernists preserve a decent reticence. They do not say straight out that there is no God, no after-life, and that religion is a manipulation of one's emotions and nothing more. If they did, the plain man might find it hard to conceive that he was being given religious instruction; he is not quite ready, yet, at least, for a truly godless *religion*. The idea is a little exquisite. Old notions die hard, and there does seem to be a notion that religion has to do with the *fact* of God, the *facts* of a future life and of future retribution. Professor Huxley's religion is not yet in actual operation, at least popularly.

Nor do appearances point to a great popular success; for it is based upon a fundamental misreading of the history of religion. Professor Huxley looks through all the religions of mankind and finds many variations in them, but two things constant: the "reaction to the facts of destiny" and secondly "the feeling of sacredness." These and these alone, he argues, have been found in every religion;¹ hence they are the essence of religion, and having them one has religion. They are the basic facts on which various religions erected various superstructures. Cut down the superstructure and the foundation still remains. But he is forgetting one element equally constant and essential in each and every religion: there has always been *some* object to the "reaction" and *some* outside cause of the feeling of sacredness. Men have worshipped one God, fifty gods; have worshipped cows, snakes,

¹ In "Science and Religion," a radio address, printed in *The Listener*, October 1, 1930, he instances Buddhism as a religion without a God. Whatever philosophic Buddhism may have been, popularly it was far from godless (cf. L. de la Vallée Poussin in "Christus," 4th Edition, pp. 317 ff.). Huxley's standard as an historian of religion may be gauged by his acceptance of Frazer's "Golden Bough" as a final authority.

the stars, and wooden idols—but they have always worshipped someone outside themselves, someone thought to be greater than themselves. There has never been a religion yet without a god of some kind. The god may not, indeed, have had an actual existence; but he was always *believed* to exist, believed to be able to hurt or to save. And the plain man, in spite of Professor Huxley's taunts about being caught in the trail of outworn habits of thought, will find it hard to evoke much reaction of sacredness to inexorable laws which grind on however he reacts, or whether he reacts at all. Would it not in practice be more sensible to eat, drink and be merry for to-morrow science will have changed all its ideas?

Accordingly, Professor Huxley's religion, as a religion, seems a little wanting. It lacks the accents of a Paul or a Francis Xavier,—or even of a Luther or a Wesley. His invectives against existing religion have something of the full-blooded flavour, even fury, of the old atheist who heartily damned God, priests and the whole bag of tricks; they carry an appeal to certain prejudices and passions. Likewise his zeal for progress, enlargement of knowledge, development of personality, internationalism, etc., carry an appeal to the hopes and the generosity of men. But to link these two—atheism and progress—into a religion, with religious ceremony, ritual, reverence, prayer, and to invite men to find the same inspiration and emotion in that religion as they did in religions with a real God, and real sins, and real atonement, and a real future life, this is a little like saying: "The alcohol has all been extracted from this wine, but drink it and be merry. There is nothing in it save coloured water, but you can make it affect you if you want." It is like saying the policeman is merely a stuffed dummy, and yet asking motorists to observe the speed-limit because of him. It is like selling a motor-car without an engine in it. To believe in Professor Huxley's religion requires an act of faith greater than the Christian act of faith. I doubt if even Mr. H. G. Wells's sympathetic rhetoric and appealing humanness would persuade many to make the act of faith. As Catholics, inasmuch as Professor Huxley exhorts to unselfishness and love of virtue, we must agree with him and wish him well;—and only wish he had based his exhortations upon a firmer foundation.

BERNARD LEEMING.

1

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF MODERN BELGIUM

AT the close of the centenary year of the Independence of Belgium, we may well remind ourselves of some of the facts and principles for which that great little nation stands.

For, indeed, the significance of Belgium is, in its way, something almost unique among the nations, at any rate, of Western Europe. And as this significance is the fruit of Belgian history, chequered, yet, almost from the beginning, displaying characteristics which were to distinguish it more and more, right down to the present time, we may be allowed to give the barest outline of that history, detaching as it were, at each stage, some features which will help us in trying to sum up the meaning of this nation in the world of to-day.

First, let us be quite clear that Belgium is a nation and not, as some with surprisingly little knowledge would assure us, an artificial creation of the European Powers. On August 25, 1830, the audience at the Brussels Opera House, roused to the highest pitch of enthusiasm by the fervent rendering of a patriotic song, rushed into the street and started a revolution which ended in the recognition of Belgium's independence in the following year. The nation that thus emerged into freedom was obviously there before, since it was her own impulse that threw off the yoke of an alien Power. And, as a matter of fact, while some territory was lost before full recognition was attained in 1839, none was added. The Powers did not create Belgium but freed her—cutting off a few valued but non-essential members before the process was complete.

Yet the nation had had to be formed like others in Europe, and, when that process was accomplished, she had many vicissitudes to pass through before gaining her complete independence. The Belgian nation, as we all know, is composed of two races, the Flemings and the Walloons, races which, although they have become united, have never fused. As the power of Rome over her outlying provinces weakened in the fifth century, the German tribes poured down on, among others, the land of the Belgæ, "the bravest," Cæsar tells us, "of all the Gauls." Through the Northern marches

of these Romanized Celts they swept, slaying, enslaving, de-Christianizing all the time. But, as often before and since, a natural obstacle changed the course that human violence might otherwise have pursued. Stretching, roughly, from below Ypres to just beyond Liège, lay the great East and West barrier of the *Silva Carbonaria* or the Coal Wood,¹ bisecting Belgian territory. This, probably, stopped the onslaught of the Northmen, in so far as that was the ruthless onward sweep of a conquering race. Yet, politically, the Gauls in the South were ultimately conquered, although the danger of extermination was past. And then the South set herself in another sense to subdue the North. Her missionary monks, like St. Amand, carried with them the Faith, and with the Faith, civilization; Ghent itself owes its origin to the two monasteries that the Saint just mentioned raised at the confluence of the Lys and the Scheldt. The old episcopal sees, such as Liège, were reconstituted, their boundaries running from North to South like those of the civil divisions of the Merovingian kings. So here we see the origin of Belgium's two races; the Franks, Thiois, Dietschen, as they were variously called, being the ancestors of the Flemings, whilst from those whom the Franks themselves called the "Walas," originated the Walloons. Moreover, we may note, even at this early stage, that the political and ecclesiastical divisions crossed the racial ones, so that the Flemings and Walloons were always living together in each of the sections into which the country was divided at any given time. It was by this fact, next to the influence of the Church, that Belgian unity was created and preserved.

By the end of the eighth century, there existed what is Belgium to-day—a re-Christianized and civilized piece of territory, a meeting place of two cultures and a highway in the West between North and South, and again between Central Europe and the British Isles. There, too, lay all the elements of a special mission in Europe, but the instrument, it has been well suggested, needed an artisan to use it.² This artisan was found in Charlemagne who, by fixing the seat of his empire at Aix-la-Chapelle, the "Rome of the North," lying midway between France and Germany, made it possible for every feature of Belgian social life to be called into play.

¹ See M. Emile Cammaerts, "Belgium," ch. i., also "The Treasure House of Belgium," p. 5, for a reference to some recent doubts cast on the theory outlined in the text.

² Cammaerts, "Belgium," p. 43.

Perhaps we scarcely realize the extent to which this possibility was translated into fact. Theologians from England and Ireland, artists and musicians from Italy, and merchants from all parts of the known world, met in this centre of civilization, while in the monastic schools were developed all the graceful arts of the time. Meanwhile, one of later Belgium's characteristic industries was anticipated in the manufacture of "Frisian cloth," which became the basis of a considerable export trade. All this was, before long, swept away by the Norman invasion, but the Belgium of this period foreshadows the united nation of a future age, and shows us some of the lines upon which that nation's contribution to civilization was to be made.

We may pass over much of the intervening history and come to the next significant development in the growth of Belgian national life. This was the rise, in the eleventh century of the Communes—and what a pleasure it is to be able to use the word without any of the evil associations of later times! Not that these city communities were without their grave faults, but, essentially, these faults were "such as are human"; they irritate, but never appal.

The growth of the Communes may be outlined, scarcely more. Count Baldwin the Second of Flanders (879—918), had fortified Bruges, Ghent, Courtrai and Ypres, which cities developed a considerable trade, largely with our own land. Oppressed by their rulers, the united cities crushingly defeated Richilde of Hainault, in 1076, in spite of her almost overwhelming French support; the first instance, it may be, of a comparatively untrained band of citizens successfully pitting themselves against a great feudal force. The same phenomenon occurred on a much larger scale at Courtrai, in 1302, in the famous battle of the Golden Spurs. This devastating rout of an army containing the flower of French chivalry, whose warriors' spurs were collected in great quantities after the fight, was recalled to the Belgian people at the beginning of the Great War by King Albert himself. It marked the highest point of success that the Communes attained. Meanwhile, the Crusades had helped to consolidate them, by weakening the power of the nobles and also by bringing the great example of the merchant-State of Venice, on the route to the East, vividly before their eyes.

Then came the epic of the Van Arteveldes—James, first, who tried permanently to league the cities for mutual advance—

ment and defence, in alliance with our own king Edward III., but who fell murdered by his own people. "The poor," says the old, and not too friendly chronicler, "exalted him, the wicked killed him." Thirty-seven years later, in their dire need, the contrite people called on Philip, James's son, to lead them in revolt against the oppression of their own Count and his supporter, France. Philip tried and failed, and the power of the Communes was broken at Roosbeke in 1382.

They failed largely because of the selfishness and jealousy of the individual states, but, also, because the system they represented was rapidly becoming out of date. Centralization was now needed and it was close at hand. But before glancing at the next period, we must pause to consider what permanent contribution the epoch of the Communes had made to the significance of Belgium in every later age.

First, and incomparably greatest, the consciousness had been borne deep in the heart of the Belgians, that they were a separate nation, with a great and noble part to play in the history of Europe and the world. This consciousness never left them, and, in the dark centuries of their later story it always remained as a consolation and a source of hope.

Second, the rôle of Belgium in the world of trade had been established, and this may be defined especially as the manufacture of things needed in ordinary, middle class life.

Third, the spirit of the Communes, in spite of its exaggerations, left a legacy of great and distinctive value in the instinct of local and municipal patriotism which is so marked a feature of Belgian life even to-day. The Belgian is intensely loyal to his country, but, in ordinary circumstances, his own city and neighbourhood come first in his affections.

It is in the belfries of the Flemish cities that the material monument of the Communes is to be found. Their lofty, rugged masses speak to us of islands of city life in a feudal world, whose peaceful preoccupations were always liable to disturbance by the tocsin of war.

From 1419 to 1482—alas, how short a time—ancient Belgium was at the height of her glory, united and virtually independent under rulers of her own. The Dukes of Burgundy, though near kinsmen of the Kings of France, and originally "put in" to favour French interests, felt themselves native princes and made Belgian prosperity their primary care. The first of the dates just mentioned marks the complete unification of the country—except the Prince Bishopric of Liège—

under Philip the Good—"conditor Belgii"—and in the next sixty-three years the country prospered in every possible way. Population increased, trade flourished, and art came into her own. Especially the work of the Van Eycks remains, breathing a spirit of mysticism combined with an equally strong love of the movement and colour of everyday life—a fitting memorial of an age that found the beautifying of a Charterhouse the most congenial outlet for its superfluous wealth.

The Burgundian period, therefore, shows us Belgium a nation really united, destined to suffer later and even to be cruelly maimed, but never to be divided again. Also, it introduces Art, without which Belgium can hardly be imagined at all. The epoch is symbolized by the rich tracery of the Gothic town halls, as at Bruges, denoting the freedom from care that the sense of protection had brought into municipal life.

The comparatively short summer of Belgium's glory turned into autumn when Mary of Burgundy married the Archduke Maximilian of Austria, who later succeeded to the Imperial throne. With transient exceptions, her princes now thought little of Belgium, and understood her less. With the accession of Philip II. of Spain, as ruler of the Netherlands, the autumn changed into winter and the period of subjection began. The Northern Provinces were lost and were joined together as Holland; which, under all the circumstances, was, perhaps, the best thing. The Southern Netherlands sank low in prosperity, but never really in spirit—the earlier part of the period produced Rubens. Meanwhile, the country struggled on, now under Spain, then under Austria again, then under France and finally under Holland—the darkness before the dawn.

The history, although of melancholy interest, we may pass over, noting three points. These centuries show, first, that the Belgians can never be successfully driven; second, that any ruler who, like Joseph the Second of Austria, ignores the full-blooded and deep-founded gaiety of the people is doomed to failure, and third, that Catholicism is the life of the Belgian nation, which, without it, would be a mere ghost of its former self.

It remains to sum up some points in the significance of Belgium at the present time.

First, Belgium is the meeting place of two cultures. The Teutonic Flemings and the Romanized Walloons have come

together as one Nation, but, as we have said, have not racially fused, as, *e.g.*, Saxon and Norman ultimately did: however, the two cultures have done so to a large extent.¹ Moreover, elements from other nations who use this highway of Europe have been incorporated too. Thus the success of Belgian trade has been, perhaps, rightly attributed to its having been influenced by French taste, German business astuteness, and English technical skill. In Literature we may say that the Teutonic soul has found Latin expression, and so has reached a public with which it could never, otherwise, have come into touch. If it be the case—and we believe it is—that Mediterranean countries have supplied us with the final and universal culture of the world, it yet remains true that that warm stream of civilization needs adapting as it flows into Northern climes. Belgium is an outstanding example of how such an accommodation has taken place.

Apart from all party politics we may believe that the providential task of the British Commonwealth is to spread European civilization throughout a large part of the earth. But this task can only be fulfilled if Great Britain herself be in close touch with that civilization in such a form that she can assimilate and modify it so as to fit it for exportation to newer worlds. Sympathy and intimate contact between England and Belgium must help in this work. Already, it is said, more English is spoken in Bruges than French, although, of course, much more Flemish is spoken than either. It is for us to multiply the number of those who tread that highway which leads, one way from Britain to the heart of Europe, and back again from Europe to the mighty world beyond.

Second, Belgium presents, perhaps, the model constitution for a European democratic state. The subject is of great interest and importance, but cannot be dwelt on here. One great defect of Belgian political life is the rigidity of its party system. Its chief glory is that its constitution allows for ordered democratic progress, without any essential change in spirit or in form.

Third, Belgium is the land of social experiments, many of them successful in the highest degree. Here arose the Boerenbund, that wonderful Catholic organization for assisting the

¹ It is to be regretted that the language question still troubles the peace of the nation. The controversy is, however, naturally a domestic one, and, even so, not so much between Flemings and Walloons, as between two sections of the Flemings themselves.

small farmer, which in 1921¹ numbered more than 87,000 members. In the previous year it had organized many thousands of lectures, arranged for the co-operative purchase of fertilizers and cattle fodder to the value of 27,424,000 francs, and for the co-operative selling of more than a million francs worth of fruit and vegetables.² Its activities are supplemented by the almost equally note-worthy organization of Raffeisen banks. Then, there are the *Ligue Démocratique Chrétienne de Belgique* and the movement of the *Jeunesse Ouvrière Chrétienne*. Also, in fairness it must be said that the Belgian Socialists, who, while unhappily secularist, are not unpatriotic or in any immediate sense revolutionary, possess organizations that cover the whole material life of those who belong to their ranks.

Fourth, if, as we have said, the Belgian constitution allows for progress on traditional lines, this is also the spirit of Belgian art. While keeping mainly to the old technique, and generally influenced by the mysticism nearly always latent in the Flemish mind, the modern school of Belgian painters applies these qualities to subjects dealing with present day life. Even those who, like Jacob Smits—and some more recent artists—treat of professedly religious subjects, yet present these in the familiar setting in which they and their public live. Surely a sane and safe, as also an inspiring principle, in these days when applied Catholicism presents itself as the paramount social hope.

Lastly, Belgium stands supremely for the rights of small nations and for the supremacy of the moral principle in the politics of the world. Freed from the fetters of neutrality she is guaranteed the protection of France and Great Britain in case of unprovoked attack by any Power.

When Belgium is allowed to be unjustly overwhelmed by superior force, the law of the Jungle among nations will have been substituted for the Christian code.

FRANCIS DAY.

¹ The latest year for which we have statistics at hand.

² Statistics quoted from "Government and Politics of Belgium," by Thomas Harrison Reed, p. 126.

THE CASE OF MOLLIE FANCHER

A SIDELIGHT UPON THE PHENOMENA OF SISTER
EMMERICH, TERESA HIGGINSON AND OTHERS

I

LET me say at the outset of this paper that no sort of disparagement is intended to the two candidates for beatification named in the above heading if I associate them here with the strange experiences of an invalid girl who was not even a Catholic. Should Anne Catherine Emmerich and Teresa Higginson ever be raised to the honours of the altar, it will not be on account of their revelations or their mystical phenomena, but solely on the ground that they lived holy lives which convinced those in contact with them that the love of God was the mainspring of all their actions. What the present article does aim at illustrating is the difficulty of assigning precise limits to the range of those natural but unusual manifestations of man's spiritual being which science now takes account of under the name of abnormal psychology. Two centuries ago such phenomena were summarily dismissed, by Catholics and Protestants alike, as witchcraft, sorcery, or, in brief, the work of the devil. But this was before the reality of the hypnotic trance was recognized, and before attention was thus directed to possibilities of which earlier ages had no conception. We are somewhat wiser now, and the delays which have so far held up any pronouncement by the episcopal commissions appointed to report upon the happenings at Limpas or the case of Therese Neumann, seem to show that, in enlightened ecclesiastical circles, the lesson of caution has been taken to heart. In the pages which here follow I propose to confine myself almost entirely to the strange facts recorded in the Life of Miss Mollie Fancher. The correlation of these with the experiences of certain Catholic mystics must be reserved for another article.

Let me begin with a very brief outline of those features in the case which constitute its principal interest. Mollie Fancher was born in 1848. Her life was spent at her aunt's home in Brooklyn, New York, and she died in the same house shortly before the end of the last century. She seems to have been a tuberculous subject from childhood, but as the result

of two very serious accidents in 1865 and 1866, not long after leaving school, she became an incurable invalid and never for more than 30 years quitted her room or, practically speaking, her bed. Her lower limbs, being bent under her, became twisted and atrophied, and this was followed by permanent blindness and a complication of nervous disorders which had curious manifestations. For long years she was incapable of swallowing and lived almost completely without food, but in this crippled state she developed remarkable clairvoyant faculties. It was alleged that she often discerned what was happening in distant towns, that she had knowledge of the contents of sealed letters, that she could read books with great rapidity by passing her hand over the printed page, and it seems certain that she executed the most delicate artistic work in a position over her head—the only position which her paralysed arm rendered possible—where even the full use of her eyes could not have served her. Further, many witnesses attest that she could distinguish, with unerring accuracy, by touch alone the colours of the worsteds, the wax sheets,¹ and other materials she employed in her work. In addition to this there were manifested in her four separate personalities, each with distinctive characteristics and a handwriting which differed from that of her normal state. She never in any proper sense slept, but these personalities revealed themselves during the night—not, apparently, in the daytime—their appearance being ushered in by violent convulsions and a trance condition which was frequently cataleptic.

What lends exceptional importance to Miss Fancher's experiences is the fact that she had no interest in, or sympathy with, anything which bore the name of Spiritualism. She seems to have been a very religiously minded woman, and several of her most trusted friends were ministers—either Presbyterian or Baptist—in whose eyes any attempted communication with the spirits of the dead savoured of devilry. When an account of this extraordinary case was being compiled by Judge Abram H. Dailey in 1893, Miss Fancher's consent was asked, and she was requested to make known all she could concerning her own experiences. In certain communications received from her with this object, she declared :

It has been charged and stated that this publication is being prepared in the interest of what is commonly known as Spirit-

¹ Much of her work in the first nine years of her illness consisted in making artificial flowers.

tualism. Nothing could be further from the fact, in so far as I am concerned. . . . I have been repeatedly asked to undertake to act the part of a medium for spirit communications, and I have invariably refused to attempt anything of the kind.¹

At the same time she adds a little further on :

It has been said, as the public generally knows, that I frequently speak of having seen my mother and other friends around me who are dead. Then in answer to these questions I frankly and truthfully say that at times, at least in spirit, away from the scenes of this world, I am with friends in most heavenly places. My consciousness of these things is to me as real as the experiences of my life upon this earth. I often see my mother and other friends around me, and in my dreary days of sickness, pain and suffering, and when my spirit is depressed, I can hear her tender voice speaking to me words of cheer, bidding me "bear up, be brave and endure". . . Who with body and limbs racked and disjointed by disease, bedridden for upwards of 27 years, will not long to be released from pain and suffering, even though that relief is only to be found in utter annihilation? . . . At times I have seen around me, and around my friends who call to see me, the angel forms of those persons who are supposed to be dead. Whether I see what it seems to me I see, and hear what I seem to hear, let others form their own conclusions. I know what I see as well as they know what they see²

Whatever judgment we may pass upon these visions, it seems clear that they were as real to Mollie Fancher as those which Anne Catherine Emmerich or Teresa Higginson believed so confidently to be revelations of God's special favour. Unfortunately no details are preserved to us of the impressions Mollie received during her sojourns "with friends in most heavenly places." She certainly seems to have convinced other people that there was something in what she saw in the course of these unusual experiences. A certain Professor C. E. West, the head of Brooklyn Heights Seminary, was an intimate and very early friend of hers. A letter of his to the *Buffalo Courier* in 1878, while describing her as a most devout Christian who "shrinks from any public exhibition of herself," mentions that "Spiritualists and curiosity-seekers have sought access to her, but have failed. Her power of discriminating character is so great that she is rarely, if ever,

¹ "Mollie Fancher, the Brooklyn Enigma," by Judge Abram H. Dailey, Brooklyn, 1894, p. 68. It will be convenient in future to cite this book simply by the initials "M.F."

² "M.F.," p. 69.

imposed upon." Some 15 years later the same Professor West records :

She has revealed things to me of which I had no conception—mainly while we were talking on religious topics. She is as earnest a Christian as I ever knew. What she sees [he means clairvoyantly] only makes her faith the stronger . . . I think she has glimpses of the other world, if she has not indeed been there. I cannot tell you that strangely interesting part of her experience. After she is dead it will be known, but it is more of a revelation than that seen by John from the Isle of Patmos.¹

And here it may be well to say something of the book in which these testimonies are printed, a book which is unfortunately almost the only available source of information regarding Mollie and her strange phenomena. The compiler, as previously mentioned, was a certain "Judge Abram H. Dailey." This title seems to imply some sort of official legal position, but whether on account of the writer's advanced age or some other reason, it is not the kind of book which one would expect from a man accustomed to marshal evidence and estimate its value. The narrative is confused, ill-written,² full of repetitions and by no means free from misprints, especially where dates occur. If the volume represented nothing but Judge Dailey's impressions one might be pardoned for thinking the whole record worthless. But the author, partly, perhaps, to save himself trouble or to swell out the volume to a respectable bulk, has thrown together pell-mell a number of testimonies from the friends and acquaintances of the invalid, and there seems no reason to suppose that these have not been printed as they were written, for the contributors of the statements in question were nearly all living when the book was published. Some of them certainly were men of standing and intelligence. For example, the Professor West who has just been quoted, delivered, in 1882, an address entitled "Fifty years of Progress." From a copy of this brochure of 150 pages, which I have been able to consult at the British Museum, one is led to infer that the writer was a man much respected among his fellow ministers of religion, and the essay also gives proof of intelligence, wide reading, and a religious spirit. A letter is included addressed to Dr. West by Padre Secchi, S.J., in 1877, from the Obser-

¹ "M.F.", p. 210.

² Judge Dailey has a particularly irritating habit of using the word *transpire* on every possible occasion as a synonym for "occur," "happen," or "take place."

vatory of the Collegio Romano. I may add here that apart from Professor West's positive testimony (to be quoted later) regarding Miss Fancher's gift of clairvoyance, and her inability to retain nourishment, he, like many more of her intimates, expresses a strong conviction as to her truthfulness. He says for example :

I never knew a more truthful, sincere and intelligent girl than she has proved herself from the very first of our acquaintance. . . I have spent my life in study and I have devoted much of it for the past twelve years to Mollie Fancher's case.¹

In an appendix to Judge Dailey's volume we are presented with a facsimile of Mollie's normal handwriting. It is a firm, regular and rather ornate script, sloping backwards. But the matter of the facsimile, a poem of her own composition, is not less interesting than its outward form. The verses, and it should be remembered that during the whole of the worst period of her affliction her hands, whenever she had the use of them, were hardly ever idle, run thus :

My God, O spare me this
To lie with empty folded hands ;
I am content to bear my cross,
And will not murmur at the bands
That bind ; nor count afflictions loss.

But spare, O spare me this ;
To lie throughout the livelong day
And through the watches of the night
Counting the hours. Dark though the way,
With busy heart and hands, 'tis light.

To feel I'm needed not,
To live and lie with folded hands
While others are vouchsafed that bliss
The need of meeting life's demands ;
Spare me, my God, O spare me this.²

Naturally in such a case it is the medical evidence which is of most importance. One would have liked fuller details than we possess, but Judge Dailey has, at any rate, preserved a statement which was made on July 26, 1893, by Mollie's ordinary medical attendant, Dr. S. Fleet Speir, and taken down from his dictation, at the patient's residence, 160 Gates

¹ "M.F.", p. 205.

² "M.F.", p. 252.

Avenue, Brooklyn. From this I copy the more salient points¹: Dr. Speir informs us that he had been in charge of the case since April 6, 1866, a period of 27 years, and also that Dr. Robert Ormiston had been associated with him in consultation during most of that time. It is important to note that Dr. Ormiston was present when the statement was made and that he formally corroborated it, declaring: "I am familiar with nearly all the facts to which Dr. Speir has referred, and in so far as I recall them they are correctly stated by him."²

Regarding the general impression that Miss Fancher was paralysed, Dr. Speir raises some demur as to the correctness of the term.

As a matter of fact [he says] she has never been paralysed in the sense in which that word is usually understood. She has lost the use of her limbs³ and at times has lost the power of sensation. As nearly as I can recollect, for a period of about nine years, her lower limbs were in a three twist. The result to the limbs has been that, instead of being the natural hinge joint, the knee approaches the condition of a ball and socket joint; her limbs are drawn up backwards—the ankles bent over, and the bottom of the foot upwards—and remaining in that condition. This is so of both feet. The limbs cannot be straightened out; they are contracted underneath.

For a period of about nine years, day and night, she was subject to trances, spasms and catalepsy. During this time the most constant care and attention were required to prevent personal injury. In these spasmodic conditions she was liable from time to time to be thrown upon the floor, so that barricades were placed around her bed to prevent this happening. Her spasmodic conditions were so violent that she was hurled backwards and forwards with great force and rapidity. There was a back motion which is hard to explain, by which she seemed to be thrown into the air, rising from her bed. At times her body would become rigid, and upon one occasion one portion of her body was turned to the right, and the other to the left in a distressing manner, and remained so for quite a time, she being in a rigid condition.⁴

These violent convulsive movements are of much interest in connection with those cases in which the sufferer was believed by mediæval observers to have been assaulted and thrown

¹ I have here and there slightly modified the wording where the substance of the report would not be affected. As is liable to happen in an oral statement, the sentences are often very clumsily phrased.

² "M.F.", p. 216.

³ One has to remember that in American parlance "limbs" means legs. No American lady has legs.

⁴ "M.F.", p. 213.

about by the devil. Not less important are Dr. Speir's comments on Mollie's rejection of all nourishment. He seems evidently to have suspected at first that there was some deception in the matter, as the following passage shows :

To be certain that Miss Fancher was living without solid food for the long period of time which was stated, I resorted to giving her emetics, and the result was that nothing was thrown from the stomach, showing conclusively that the stomach was empty. During the period of nine years the quantity of food which she took into her stomach was so little that it was a matter of great astonishment how life could be sustained.¹

We learn from the notes of Miss Crosby, the patient's aunt, that enemas, bathing with oil and other indirect methods of nutrition had been employed, but they were abandoned as useless after more or less prolonged tests. In 1866 at the beginning of this period of inanition we are told that on May 20th she asked for food, ate a small piece of cracker and took a teaspoonful of punch, this being the first food which her stomach had been able to retain since the beginning of April. On June 2nd food was introduced through her contracted throat by the aid of a stomach pump, but "it threw her into convulsions and her throat closed. She could neither take nourishment nor utter a sound." Miss Crosby, who seems to have kept careful notes at this period, records that "the only nourishment she has retained on her stomach from April 4, 1866 to October 27th, has been four teaspoonfuls of milk punch, two of wine, one small piece of banana, and a small piece of cracker."² A Mrs. Townsend, a friend who was constantly in and out of the house at this early period, confirms this. "It is well known," she writes, "that for the first nine years she could keep nothing solid on her stomach. I am positive that she was unable to keep anything down and in fact could not swallow during the first years I knew her."³ What renders this testimony the more convincing is the fact that Mollie in her crippled state was certainly incapable of getting out of bed, and for a long time, on account of the convulsive spasms to which she was subject, could not apparently be left alone during the night. To eat by stealth, for her, must

¹ "M.F.", p. 212.

² In a contemporary entry in her diary Miss Crosby states, referring to her niece, "since the 6th day of August (a period of three months) the natural functions for relief have not been exercised at all." "M.F.", p. 47.

³ "M.F.", p. 111.

have been impossible. Dr. West, who also visited her frequently, stated in a printed letter to a newspaper (1878):

Water, the juices of fruits and other liquids have been introduced into her mouth, but scarcely any of them ever make their way into her stomach. So sensitive has this organ become that it will not retain anything. In the earlier part of her illness it collapsed so that, by placing the hand in the cavity, her spinal column could be felt.¹

When some attention was drawn to the case in 1878, the *New York Herald* on October 20th published an article which seems to have escaped the notice of Judge Dailey. The reporter of the *Herald* had very rightly been refused admittance to the house in which the poor invalid was living, but he managed to discover the names of her medical advisers. Dr. Ormiston on being interviewed is stated to have said: "It seems incredible, but from everything I can learn, Mollie Fancher never eats." The doctor went on to declare that the aunt, her constant companion, who testified to this, was a person of the highest character, and he added: "During a dozen visits to the sick chamber I have never detected evidence of the patient's having eaten a morsel." Finding his way thence to Dr. Speir, the reporter put the question: "Has she eaten nothing during all these fourteen years?" The reply was in these terms:

I can safely say she has not. I do not believe that any food—that is solids—has ever passed the woman's lips since her attack of paralysis consequent upon her mishap. As for an occasional teaspoonful of water or milk, I sometimes force her to take it by using an instrument to prize open her mouth. But that is painful to her. The case knocks the bottom out of all existing medical theses, and is, in a word, miraculous.

After referring to the emetics he had administered, Dr. Speir went on:

I have taken every precaution against deception, sometimes going to the house at 11 or 12 o'clock at night without being announced, but have always found her the same and lying in the same position. My brethren in the medical profession at first were inclined to laugh at me and call me a fool and a spiritualist when I told them of the long abstinence and keen intellectual powers of my interesting patient. But such as have been admitted to see her

¹ "M.F.", p. 173. Dr. West repeated these statements in a letter to the *New York Herald*, Nov. 17, 1878.

are convinced. These are Dr. Ormiston, Dr. Elliott and Dr. Hutchison, some of the best talent in the city, who have seen and believed.

The reporter then went back to Dr. Ormiston but found him in no way inclined to withdraw from his former declarations. On the contrary he strengthened them by saying: "Her tenacity of life for fourteen years, without sustenance enough to feed a baby for a week, appeals strongly to my unwilling belief in supernatural visitations."¹

I cannot find in subsequent issues of the *Herald* that the doctors who were so reported made any attempt to repudiate the language attributed to them.

The nutrition trouble seems to have begun in Mollie Fancher's school days. Her stomach even then "rejected most kinds of food" and the doctors being persuaded that she suffered from nervous indigestion, recommended her to take up riding as an exercise. This resulted in a very bad fall in which she struck her head against the kerbstone and broke a rib, though her completely crippled condition only followed upon a second accident when in stepping out of a tram-car her crinoline got caught in the vehicle and she was dragged for many yards along the roadway. A curious remark is recorded of her in the early stages of her illness when they were trying to force food upon her which her stomach rejected, and which caused her great distress. Her aunt, Miss Crosby, urging her to make an effort because it was necessary to eat in order to maintain life, she is said to have replied that she received nourishment from a source of which they were all ignorant.

In the presence of the facts just quoted it seems difficult to affirm with confidence that the disinclination for food which we find so constantly recurring in the case of almost all visionaries—Anne Catherine Emmerich, Domenica Lazzari, Louise Lateau, Teresa Higginson, Therese Neumann, etc., not to speak of many canonized Saints—is necessarily of supernatural origin.

To return, however, to Dr. Speir's statement of 1893, we have still to quote the observations made by him concerning Mollie's very abnormal faculty of sight. He says:

With reference to the condition of Miss Fancher's eyes. When I first attended her it seemed to me that her eyes were in such a state that she could not see by the use of them. On that date her eyes were glaring open, and did not close day or night, and there

¹ *The New York Herald*, October 20, 1878, p. 12.

were no tears or secretion in them. I made the usual test for anæsthesia, even going to the extent of touching the ball of the eye with my finger, without provoking any reaction. During the first part of her troubles, the pupils were considerably dilated and the impression of light effected no change. The pupils are still considerably dilated, though not so much as formerly and still do not change at the approach of light. We have caused a careful and critical examination to be made by a competent expert—an oculist—in whose skill we have great confidence, and agree with him that she cannot see by the use of her eyes—at least as a person ordinarily can see. She has the power of seeing with a great deal of distinctness, but how she does it I am unable to state. The condition has remained substantially unchanged since I first began to attend her. This feature of Miss Fancher's power of sight has attracted a great deal of comment. At one time she did all her work, crocheting, etc., at the back of her head. When she selected worsted, or colour she put it behind her head to see it. For nine years her right arm was behind her head, where she did her work by bringing the left hand up to the right hand, which was at the back of her head.

I recall one instance, when, Dr. Ormiston and myself being present, Miss Crosby received a letter from the postman. I took the letter in my hand; it was sealed, and Miss Fancher, at the time being unable to speak, took a slate and pencil and wrote out the contents of the letter, which, on being opened and read, was found to correspond exactly with what she had written. During that time she maintained conversation with her physicians and friends by the use of the slate, she being unable to speak. On another occasion she gave me warning that I was likely to be robbed, and told me to be on my guard. The sequel was that, immediately after, I was robbed of a valuable case of instruments. On another occasion I had invited a number of doctors to call at Miss Fancher's house, and we were waiting for one to arrive, when she said: "He is coming; I see him coming now," and told where he was, which was correct.

During my acquaintance with Miss Fancher and her aunt, Miss Crosby, during her lifetime, the actions and conduct of both entitle them to what they always had—our highest respect and esteem. . .

Upon one occasion when she had lost the power of speech, I was present when someone made a remark to which she took exception. She took a pencil in her left hand and rapidly wrote a reply, which at first none could read. She had written backward, commencing at the end of a line and end of a word and so to the beginning. By holding a looking glass we readily made it out. It was a sharp, caustic reply.

One remarkable feature during all these years she has been con-

fined to her bed is that she has never been afflicted with bed-sores, although her right hip, from constant pressure, is flattened, and the flesh is gone, so that the bone is merely covered by the integument. She has always explained, when asked how she saw without the use of her eyes, that she saw out of the top of her head.

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Miss Fancher experiences quite remarkable conditions from the action of her heart. At times the chest over the heart seems considerably enlarged; it presents something the appearance of aedema, but responds to pressure in a different manner. It seems more elastic, and every day she coughs up about half an ounce of blood, which comes from the mucous membrane of the throat and bronchial tubes.¹

These are the principal data attested by Miss Fancher's ordinary medical attendant, Dr. Speir, and confirmed by his colleague Dr. Ormiston. But so far as regards her powers of vision there is abundance of corroborative evidence contained in the statements of other intimate friends of hers. Judge Dailey avers, apparently as the result of what he himself had witnessed, that if one "took a sharp knife and made a movement as if to thrust it into her eyes, she would not recoil or exhibit the slightest apprehension of danger." At the same time in her most sensitive conditions—he admits none the less that the acuteness of her perceptions varied considerably according to the state of her health, the weather, and other causes—"she is able to distinguish colours, even to the most delicate shades, not only when absolutely concealed from her normal sight, but while in the pocket of another and when the experimenters did not know the colour of the article to be described."² He also remarks: "that she did see, could and can see, from the top of her head and from her forehead, cannot permit of a reasonable doubt. She reads letters placed upon her forehead, and has done so hundreds of times."³ Her friend, Mrs. Townsend, referred to above, states: "she used to put sealed letters under her pillow and read them. Sometimes she read by rubbing her hand over them, and I have seen her read books in the same way."⁴ Professor West testifies similarly:

When I first saw her she had but one sense, that of touch. With that she could read with many times the rapidity of one by eye-

¹ "M.F.," p. 216.

² "M.F.," p. 221.

³ "M.F.," p. 224.

⁴ "M.F.," p. 112.

sight. This she did by running her fingers over the printed pages with equal facility in light or darkness. With the fingers she could discriminate the photographs of persons, the faces of callers, etc. She never sleeps, her rest being taken in trances. The most delicate work is done in the night. She performs none of the ordinary functions of life except that of breathing.¹

Some further details which have still to be given concerning Miss Fancher's visions, her power of sight, and her different personalities, must be postponed to another occasion, but there is one final remark I should like to make before concluding this section of my paper. Whatever we may think of the statements of fact contained in Judge Dailey's book, they certainly were not made with any *arrière pensée* of discrediting the phenomena of Catholic mysticism. When we are dealing with such writers as Pierre Janet, Charcot, Paul Richer, Binet and others, we may not unreasonably suspect the possibility of some underlying purpose hostile to theories involving belief in the supernatural. But there is not in the American book, so often referred to, the faintest indication of any acquaintance with Catholic hagiology or its phenomena. No hint emerges of a controversial motive. Certain friends of Miss Fancher, profoundly impressed by what they had seen, thought it desirable that the circumstances should be put on record: that is all. It is quite likely that some of them were guilty of considerable exaggerations. Everyone with a novel discovery to announce is anxious to make his story as impressive as possible and inevitably errs in the direction of overstatement. But I cannot persuade myself that such a book as "Mollie Fancher, the Brooklyn Enigma" could have been compiled and published if the experiences and faculties laid to her credit were not substantially in accord with facts. What is certain is that the oral statement taken down in 1893 from the lips of Drs. Speir and Ormiston, then still in charge of the case, is in full agreement with the account communicated by them 15 years earlier to the reporter of the *New York Herald*. Anyone who wishes to do so may verify the fact, as I have done, by consulting the file of that journal accessible in the British Museum.

HERBERT THURSTON.

¹ " M.F.", p. 173.

MISCELLANEA

I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

A SOLDIER OF CHRIST.

Notes on the "Cause" of the Venerable Gaston de Sonis.

ONE of the most direct arguments against the pseudo pacifist, for the Catholic, at any rate, is the fact that the Church has never considered the profession of arms incompatible with moral perfection. She has canonized not a few warrior saints and thereby declared indirectly that warfare is not essentially evil. She will, we hope, beatify another in the near future since, in 1928, the "Cause" of General de Sonis was introduced and is progressing favourably. And not only to soldiers is that fact interesting, as showing that sanctity may be attained in active service, but also to a still larger class of the faithful, viz., to those who have entered the married state. For the future General married young, a devoted girl younger still, and both set a notable example to their country by begetting twelve healthy children. The fact that the tribunals of the Church are now considering his claims to be honoured as a saint makes it worth while to review briefly the evidence of his life on which they are based, and the "process" of investigation, as far as it has gone. British Catholics of an older generation may be able to recall his distinguished career, for his official biography by Mgr. Baunard of Lille was translated nearly forty years ago by Lady Herbert (Art and Book Co., 1891).

Louis-Gaston de Sonis, was born on the 25th of August, 1825, in the island of Guadeloupe, where his father, an officer of the French army, was then stationed. Sent to France at the age of seven, and confided to his grandmother, he was educated by the Oratorian Fathers at Stanislas and Juilly, whence he went to the military colleges of Saint-Cyr and Saumur and passed out, in 1848, "the year of Revolution," as sub-lieutenant of the 5th Hussars, then stationed at Castres. There, in the course of the next year, he married Anais Roger, the 17-year old daughter of a lawyer of that town. From the very start of his military career, he had shown uncompromising devotion to his duties as a Christian, an attitude of incomparable difficulty in the circumstances. Preferring the active service of the African command to the narrow conventionalities of garrison life in France, de Sonis asked to be sent to Algeria, where he became one of those eminent captains, whose names remain as the founders and guardians of the great French Colony.

The Arabs, even though they dreaded his severity, loved him for

his goodness and inflexible justice, while they so admired his faith and fervent piety, that they called him "Master in holiness."

He took part in the campaign in Kabylia (1854—1857), and then, after an expedition in the extreme south of Algeria, left Africa in 1858 with the cavalry regiment of the Chasseurs d'Afrique, to take part in the war in which France was engaged with her ally, Italy, against Austria. His general conduct, and his heroism at the battle of Solferino, won for him the cross of the Legion of Honour.

Next year the Chasseurs were employed in a campaign in Morocco where Captain de Sonis distinguished himself by his devotion during a terrible outbreak of cholera amongst the troops.

After this disastrous campaign came others that were crowned with victory and that covered the young Captain with glory; in particular, the battle of Ain Madhi which put an end to the resistance of the desert tribes. Field-Marshal Niel, then Minister of War, congratulated him publicly and officially from his seat in Parliament and he was promoted Colonel of the 6th regiment of the Chasseurs d'Afrique stationed at Aumale.

In 1870, when war broke out with Germany, Colonel de Sonis begged to return to France and to draw his sword in the defence of his beloved country; but the War Office thought better to keep him in Algeria on account of his long experience and intimate knowledge of the Arabs, and promoted him Brigadier-General at Aumale.

Far from rejoicing at his promotion, de Sonis wrote to Monsieur de Freycinet, delegate at the War Office, begging to go and fight as a simple soldier rather than remain far from the scene of action. In answer to his repeated supplications he was given command of a brigade of cavalry belonging to the Army of the Loire; then, the command of a division and soon afterwards, that of the 17th Corps.

Thus, if his name remains associated with the campaigns of North Africa, its greatest glory comes from the Battle of Loigny, on the 2nd of December, 1870, when his heroic charge at the head of the Pontifical Zouaves, under the Banner of the Sacred Heart, the only French troops who would follow him in a forlorn hope, saved the army from a complete disaster.

Seriously wounded, he spent the whole bitterly cold night on the battle-field, lying upon the snow, reddened by his blood and by the blood of so many brave soldiers. In the midst of his torturing pain, he consoled the sufferers around him, speaking to them of God and of Heaven. A young French soldier crept nearer to him to die with his head resting on the hero's breast; and even to a dying German he spoke words of comfort and pointed to the sky. He himself was rewarded by such miraculous spiritual sweetness and the almost conscious presence of Our Blessed Lady of Lourdes, that the hours of suffering were also hours of exceptional graces, and throughout the remaining years of his life he always spent the

whole night of that anniversary alone in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament.

He regained sufficient strength after the amputation of his right leg at mid-thigh to return to active service, though at the cost of constant suffering. Suffering, indeed, was familiar to him, for all his life through he practised voluntary penances the better to resemble the Lord he served.

After holding various important military posts, in spite of a strong element of anti-clerical hostility in the authorities, which caused a growing disregard of his matchless services, he died in Paris in 1887, on the Feast of the Assumption of the Queen of Heaven whom he had always so faithfully loved and served. Nine of his twelve children wept with their mother beside that holy death-bed; his eldest daughter, Mary, a nun of the Sacred Heart could only be present in spirit and two others had died in infancy.

According to his own instructions, his body was taken to Loigny and laid to rest in the crypt of the little church beside the soldiers who had fallen during the battle of the 2nd December. His tombstone bears the inscription "*Miles Christi*" which he himself had chosen.

His reputation for holiness was already established, and all that was best and noblest in France mourned the death of one who had realized such an ideal of Christian knighthood, and had shown himself the bravest of soldiers, the most loving and devoted of husbands and fathers, the very incarnation of chivalry and honour; and who, with a personality that was singularly winning and full of charm, had attained to the loftiest heights of Christian virtues.

The recognition of his exceptional virtue has been maintained to this day. Many have come to pray at his tomb and many graces have been obtained. The Bishop of Chartres, in whose diocese his tomb, now become a place of pilgrimage, is situated, announced in a Pastoral Letter the inauguration of his Cause, and a preliminary collection of his MSS. has been made containing, amongst longer documents, no less than 800 letters. Then came the stage of the examination of living witnesses, and so, on the 22nd of September, 1929, four out of the General's six surviving children were solemnly and lengthily questioned upon their reminiscences of their beloved father. These witnesses were: Commander Henri de Sonis; Commander François de Sonis; Madame du Jonchay, wife of General du Jonchay, and Mother Germaine de Jesus, Prioress of the Carmelite Convent of Verdun, present by special dispensation.

The day following, the ecclesiastical court proceeded to the next stage ordered by canonical law—the official recognition of the body of the Servant of God. It was found perfectly incorrupt, after the lapse of 42 years, and was removed to the crypt of Chartres Cathedral. All present signed an attestation of what they had witnessed, and medical proofs were furnished that this marvellous preservation could be attributed to no natural cause.

The "Cause of General de Sonis" published by the Tribunal constituted to enquire into his life and character, is composed of 136 Articles resuming the chief events of that life, and proving from his words and deeds how the Servant of God possessed to a heroic degree the theological virtues of Faith, Hope, and Charity; the cardinal virtues of Prudence, Justice, Fortitude and Temperance, besides the virtues of Purity, love of Poverty and Humility.

The last four items are concerned with several more or less sudden cures from illness, obtained after invoking the intercession of the holy man; which prove that his "cultus" is being gradually extended. There is no record as yet of any "first-class" miracle, but the more the General's heroic life is studied, the more will faith in the efficacy of his intercession become itself effective.

L. DE SONIS.

THE EQUALITY OF THE SEXES.

SEVERAL of our Catholic papers, both weekly and monthly, devote part of their space to explanations of Catholic doctrine, whether in the shape of a consecutive course of religious instruction, or in answer to inquiries. These journals are thus doing invaluable work, for not a few Catholics lack leisure or opportunity to perfect themselves in the knowledge of the Faith, whilst on the other hand they are constantly exposed to hearing it misrepresented and attacked. However, we do not envy the task of the theological experts who conduct those closely-scanned doctrinal sections. Our Faith is so hedged round with mystery; theological exposition often pre-supposes an accurate and consistent philosophy; there are many subjects about which revelation is silent or ambiguous; there are questions especially connected with the Written Word which authority has not yet settled, and last of all there is always the difficulty that human language is necessarily an inadequate vehicle of abstract thought. Accordingly our experts must be singularly gifted if they do not, sometimes, when answering one difficulty, suggest another, or singularly prudent if they are always accurate enough in their diction as to preclude misunderstanding. As an illustration of these risks, we may instance an answer given in the *Universe* (August 22nd) to the query—Why must women cover their heads in Church?—an answer which refers to the usual passage in I Cor. xi. 2—16, where St. Paul is regulating the behaviour, in religious gatherings, of his new Corinthian converts. The particular enactment in verse 5 became a tradition in the Church, although it is nowhere laid down in positive legislation. It is a matter clearly not of morals but of convention. There are

religions in which having the head covered in worship is a sign of reverence: there are countries where long hair is a token of manly vigour. There is no natural connection between different fashions in *coiffure*. Nowadays, however it was in St. Paul's time, no shame attaches to a girl with an Eton crop. The whole argument by which he supports his dictum that women when praying publicly should be veiled—for that is all he says—is neither clear nor conclusive, as he himself seems to have felt, since in the end he falls back on convention: "If anyone wishes to contest the point," he says (v. 16), "well—we, the Churches of Christ, have no such custom." Yet the writer in the *Universe* confidently declares that St. Paul "sees in this custom a sign that woman is essentially subordinate to man—an idea which is an integral part of Christian teaching, though very unpopular nowadays." The phrase "essentially subordinate to man" is one of those unqualified utterances which illustrate the peril of brief replies. That "essential subordination" is, of course, no part of Christian teaching: St. Paul himself, in this very passage, proclaims the essential *interdependence* of the sexes. "Yet, in the Lord," he says, "woman is not independent of man nor man independent of woman." Each, therefore, depends on the other.

The reason is that the ideal of humanity is not expressed wholly in one type but in two, physiologically distinct and differently endowed. There are no grounds in nature for asserting the final superiority of one over the other. In the supernatural order, also, St. Paul again asserts their absolute equality. "There is neither male nor female: for you are all one in Christ Jesus" (Gal. iii. 28). Thus in the Christian conception of humanity, there is no room for sex rivalry. In two instances only do we find authority granted, by positive enactment, to the male sex: 1) in the association called the Family, since in every stable institution there must be one final determining power: 2) in the society called the Church, officered, by her Founder's arrangement, entirely by males. In the family, Authority is not arbitrary, but is limited by the end for which it is conferred, and moreover, by the natural and supernatural status of those over whom it is exercised. As for the Church, it is to be supposed that, as God, *de facto*, has confined strictly ecclesiastical functions to one sex, human conditions would make a mixed ministry less efficacious, whilst to make it exclusively female would run counter to the normal arrangement in civil society. In neither case does the Divine choice seem to turn on the intellectual or moral superiority of the male sex. We must not be misled by the traditions of the past. The history of woman shows continuous development, on a larger scale and at a speedier rate even than that of man, because she has had to

advance from further back and against greater obstacles. Who shall say if we have yet seen the end of it? If man's greater physical strength gives him the permanent monopoly of such occupations as soldiering and coal-mining, there is nothing, on the other hand, in his spiritual equipment to warrant an exclusive claim to the exercise of the professions.

Thus, in spite of I Cor. xi. 2-16, we cannot say that the Church teaches the essential subordination of woman to man. Even in the married state the honours, so to speak, are ideally equal: woman controls domestic affairs, man has charge of external relations. His headship is official, not personal: her obedience that of one equal in dignity. Until we know the precise nature of the questions put to St. Paul,—and this refers to many other passages in his Corinthian letters—and in default of an authoritative interpretation by the Church, we cannot always distinguish the absolute from the relative in his very condensed and elliptical answers. Still less should we be blindly guided by the opinions of ancient theologians, however holy and learned, regarding the relative status of womankind. They wrote according to the science and social philosophy of their age, which we now know to have often been inadequate and misleading. Our Lord is our surest guide. "Male and female created He them," He repeated emphatically (Matt. xix. 4)—alike in destiny as in origin: equal in responsibility though differing in function. There is no sex, He has also told us, in the soul: no sex-discrimination in Heaven: no standard, finally, of perfection save the infinite holiness of Our Heavenly Father; and, we may well reflect that it is a Woman who has out-distanced, beyond all hope of rivalry, every other creature in nearness of approach to that standard.

J.K.

II. TOPICS OF THE MONTH

The End of the Imperial Conference.

It was only natural, considering the avowed determination of each delegate to put his own country first and the Commonwealth second, that the Imperial Conference should break up without effecting any closer economic union than existed before. Great Britain, for her part, did not think it advantageous that her foreign trade, two-thirds of the whole, should be jeopardized by preferential tariffs within the Commonwealth or by anything like a duty on foreign food-stuffs. The main demand, therefore, of the Dominions was rejected, at least for the present, since no door was definitely closed, and the economic part of the Conference was adjourned to Ottawa next year. It was felt that, just as the political

questions left undecided at the previous Conference were settled in this, so economic arrangements, discussed now rather hurriedly, might wait for solution later on. No doubt, a feeling that Great Britain might then be represented by another Government made the Dominions more ready to wait. On the other hand, a Government which is actively promoting, through the Economic Committee of the League of Nations, a movement for the reduction of European tariffs could not, with any consistency, consent to proposals to increase them. If a reasonable liberty of trade is essential for the world's prosperity, including our own, any creation of further obstacles to free circulation of goods must be harmful. This free circulation should not include the "dumping" of sweated or bounty-fed produce. But this is an evil which can best be attacked through international action. The international Labour Office was instituted precisely to prevent an economic struggle being carried on when the war of violence was ended. It is there that the unfairness which results from a pushing of private interests irrespective of the general good, a form of selfishness held in check within each state, should be remedied. The more that co-operation can supplant competition in the distribution of necessities, the better for the world at large. It is unregulated competition that causes food to be destroyed or held back from the market to enhance prices. It is the greed of the wheat speculator that throws the supplies of that staple of life into confusion. It is the dearth and instability of gold, due to selfish national hoarding, that digs the mighty gulf between over-production and under-consumption which is the most sinister phenomenon of our times. If the Commonwealth leaders, instead of bickering about tariffs, had tried to find out why, in modern industrialism, the work and the workers cannot be brought together, why two-thirds of the population of this fertile earth are living in sub-human conditions, although there is abundance unconsumed, they would have better employed their six-weeks session.

**Constitutional
Advance.**

However, they succeeded in settling a variety of constitutional questions, all calculated to make their political independence in regard to one another more manifest: a necessary step in a world which wonders why a Power which confronts it as a single entity should split up into seven States in the League of Nations. The clearer it becomes that what unites these States is a purely voluntary bond, the stronger will be their standing in the League. Although formal legislation is needed, it has now been agreed that no enactments of the British Parliament can have the force of law in a Dominion without that Dominion's consent, and that, further, each Dominion may pass laws the validity of which will not depend on their being in harmony with existing British legislation;

moreover, that the Royal prerogatives shall be exercised immediately through the Dominion authorities and that, except in the case of Ireland, no appeal shall lie from Dominion courts to the Privy Council. The exception was made, not to impute an inferior status to the Free State, but because a clause in the original Treaty needs first to be repealed by agreement between the parties. That it will be repealed, if only to recognize Ireland's equal status with the rest, is beyond doubt, and the attempt made by the Protestant Archbishops of Armagh and Dublin to block that result, by petitioning the British Government against repeal, can only be regarded as wholly unwarranted, and, in the circumstances of Northern Ireland, singularly offensive. The Archbishop of Armagh, who in any case has no *locus standi* in the matter, must know that, whereas in the Free State Protestants have been treated with absolute fairness,—indeed, with a consideration somewhat in excess of their due,—in N.E. Ulster Catholics have been and are bitterly discriminated against by the all-powerful Orange clique therein ruling. This interference by the Elizabethan Church in Ireland in a political matter is quite in accordance with the bad old tradition of Protestant Ascendancy, but quite out of harmony with the better spirit of to-day.

**The Indian
"Round Table"
Conference.**

For all its economic discussions, the aims of the Imperial Conference were rather academic compared with those of that which immediately succeeded it—the Indian Round Table, which is in session at the moment. Public opinion here has been astonished at the strength and the substantial unanimity of the Indian demand for full Dominion status, expressed in speeches often of great eloquence, and sometimes, what is more unexpected, of considerable humour. As we know, the constitutional Assembly of the Delhi Government has boycotted the Round Table, because its reference does not admit complete severance from the Commonwealth, but that Assembly represents only 1½ million electors and, without the movement started by Mahatma Gandhi, would count for little. In any case, it is likely that, with the support of the Indian Princes, such a wide measure of autonomy will be agreed upon as will satisfy the vast majority of Indians. It is due to the pronounced adhesion of the Princes that a federal rather than a unitary basis for the future Constitution seems likely to be adopted, in spite of the fact that both the Simon Commission and the Viceroy's dispatch are against federation. The difficulty will be to persuade enthusiasts that time is needed to work out such a complicated system as the idea of the "United States of India" postulates, but the more frankly the British Government owns that its sole object is to guide and hasten, and not in any way to try to repress, India's progress towards entire self-government, the less will that difficulty appear. As India for once is united, there is really no alternative policy. Three hundred and twenty million people cannot be coerced. There

is now an All-India sentiment which demands recognition of the country's independence in the eyes of the world. India has at last come of age. From the point of view of the world's peace, this is a momentous crisis. A Federation of All-India would remove that fear of Hindu domination which obsesses the Moslem, and would make possible a fusion of interests between the Native States, which in all reach the astonishing total of 700, and the 15 Local Administrations, still under the British Raj.

**Independent India
and
the Faith.**

But momentous as it is, it is not this aspect of a Sovereign India that most affects the Catholic. It is rather the possible fate of Indian Catholicity, under the rule of a Government predominantly non-Christian. An article in our current issue aims at showing that the educated Hindu, in so far as he is affected at all by Christianity, treats it eclectically, perverts its dogmas and patronizes its morals—ready enough to “nationalize” its teaching but repelled by its non-Indian origin and supra-national appeal. With racial pride hitherto repressed but now rushing to his head, will the emancipated Indian better appreciate the essential otherworldliness of the Gospel? He will certainly have little to say to religion presented to him under a foreign garb, but why should he not welcome or at least tolerate a religious communion officered by his own fellow citizens, and in essence no more western than eastern? A competent observer, as well acquainted with western India as Father Balam is with the eastern portions, assures us that things are more hopeful on the Bombay side. The Hindu and Parsee intelligentsia there are full of respect for the Catholic Church and recognize the difference between true and false Christianity. Gandhi himself has some reverence for Catholicism, but not much use for the contending sects—those whom the natives call English Christians, as distinguished from Christians pure and simple, i.e., Catholics. Catholicism in the west has a respectable antiquity behind it, thanks to Portuguese settlements going back to 1500, whereas on the Calcutta side such Christianity as got footing there came from the chaplains of John Company, more than a century later. In any case, whatever be the religious result of the emergence of All-India into independent status, we must admire the prescience of the present Pope, in urging forward, in India as everywhere else, the establishment of a native hierarchy and clergy. Seven years ago there were over 1,800 native priests at work in Hindustan, out of a total of some 5,000, and the proportion to-day must be much greater.

**Justice for Jew
and Arab.**

Many people in discussing the Palestinian question seem to forget that it is no longer a matter of purely British concern. This country has control of Palestine to-day simply as a Mandatory of the League of Nations, to which body it is ultimately account-

able : so much so that it was severely reprimanded by the Mandates Commission the other day for its mistakes in administration. If the cosmopolitan Jews think they are unjustly treated in not being allowed to form a State in a territory which does not belong to them, their remedy lies with that Commission and, subsequently, with the World Court of International Justice—a tribunal, which we feel sure, would raise the previous question—by what right had Lord Balfour or anybody else, to further the mass immigration of Jews or any other nationality, into territory belonging to Arabs? Defending his policy in the Lords in June, 1922, the Earl of Balfour used words which implied that, having rescued Palestine from the Turks, it was ours to do what we liked with! In reply to that effrontery, the House condemned the policy in words we have often quoted, but which even anti-Zionists seem to have forgotten, declaring that the Mandate embodying the Balfour promise, "directly violates the pledges made by H.M. Government to the people of Palestine in 1915 and in 1918." We note that a Catholic journal, by a strange lapse of moral reasoning, argues that, though the policy of Zionism is wrong, we must, since we are pledged to it, carry it out. Surely, the right course would be either to return the Mandate or seek to have it so modified as to harmonize with justice. The British Government itself might do worse than seek from the International Court an opinion concerning the moral validity of the Balfour Declaration, at least as interpreted by the Zionists. Unfortunately, the latter have the backing both of the Press and the politicians, whilst the Arabs, four-fifths of the population and in possession of the country for over a thousand years, have few means of urging their case. Perhaps the Moslems represented at the Round Table, who have always resented the Balfour promise, will be able to help their co-religionists before the gathering closes. One thing is certain : if any British Government is found to be conniving at the setting up in Palestine of anything equivalent to a Jewish State, it will take rank with the Imperial robbers who originally partitioned Poland and dealt a blow at international justice which it needed the Great War to heal.

**Delay
in Armament
Reduction.**

Signor Mussolini is perhaps the only man strong enough to tell Europe a truth to which it is trying to close its ears, viz., that it is not sincere in its pursuit of peace : "it babbles of peace at Geneva and prepares for war everywhere." Those who have followed the debates of the League Preparatory Commission for the Disarmament Conference during the last month, will hardly think the Duce too severe. Much the same thing has been said by the German, Italian and Soviet delegations in the Commission itself. They can get no direct answer to their enquiry—"Do the various Governments really mean to disarm?" : on the other hand there is plenty of indirect evidence that they do not. To the dismay of all who hope for peace in our day, the British delegate, Lord Cecil,

has frankly despaired of direct limitation of armaments and men : in other words, what was found quite possible, and peremptorily insisted on, in the case of defeated Germany and the rest, is now declared impracticable in the case of the victors. The French now declare that, in spite of Article 8 of the Treaty and the preamble to Part V., the disarmament of Germany was *not* meant to be followed by a general reduction of armaments ! No wonder Signor Mussolini is roused to exclaim—"The real violators of the Covenant are those who have created and sought to perpetuate at Geneva two categories of States—the armed and the unarmed. What juridical and moral parity can exist between an armed and an unarmed man? How can this comedy be prolonged indefinitely, when the very protagonists are beginning to get tired of it?" This, indeed, is the crux of the situation. By the Versailles Treaty, the most populous nation in Europe has been forbidden to have an army of more than 100,000 long service men, or to employ conscription or to have any mobile or immobile force within 40 kilometres of her neighbour's frontier to the west. Yet that neighbour is lining her frontier with massive fortresses, has a conscript army of more than half a million, and behind it, trained reserves innumerable, has its armament firms working full time, and has passed a law by which *the whole population* can be mobilized for war-service at need. How can such a situation be regarded as otherwise than precarious in the extreme? Why do the nations multiply treaties renouncing war and at the same time multiply the means of making it? Why does a logical nation like the French obstinately put the cart before the horse and insist on security before disarmament, although it is armaments that create insecurity? Security is the end towards which disarmament is the most efficacious means. The reason is that they are dominated by fear, and fear, according to the Wise Man, is simply "the abandonment of the help yielded by common sense" (Wisdom. xvii. 11).

The Fight for Peace.

Hence it was remarked by an American observer, on the eleventh anniversary of the Armistice, held here with more solemnity than ever, that there was more "threat and danger of war to-day than there was in 1913 and 1914." That, of course, is an exaggeration. We have the League of Nations and all that it stands for—its performance and its promise—between us and war. But the vested interests concerned—those who stand to gain by the persistence of war-preparations—seem to be growing in strength. There is no cessation of arms-manufacture, navies are becoming more and more efficient, immense sums are spent on increasing air forces and, more ominous still, on chemical research : and this, although forty-six States have signed a solemn engagement to abstain from the use of poison gas in war ! It behoves, then, workers for peace to become still more energetic and better organized. We have here the League of Nations Union and in

most other countries there are similar organizations. Intercourse between them should be more frequent and sustained; for peace will never be attained by the manœuvring of diplomats alone, without a strong backing of organized public opinion. In this connection some striking words of the Prince of Wales, spoken at a dinner of the League of Nations Union on October 30th, may be quoted. He said :

I am well aware that there are still, in all countries, some people who profess to have no belief in the efficacy of the League of Nations to prevent another devastating world war. I would ask those people to think a little deeper; to reflect, first, that the way to prevent war is not by some sudden and violent action at the eleventh hour, but by the gradual and steady formation of habits of international co-operation and mutual trust; and, secondly, to ask themselves, if they mistrust the League, what possible alternative they have to offer for establishing peace and rebuilding world prosperity.

There is no justification, therefore, for pessimism in the fact, now more clearly emerging, that peace must be worked for, strenuously and continuously. It is, after all, in the power of a few great States to bring it about, if they would let the world know that no violator of the peace to which the world is, on paper, pledged, can henceforth count on their friendship or neutrality. It is to the credit of Japan that, in his speech on the ratification of the London Naval Treaty on October 27th, her Prime Minister made this position quite explicit. "Now that the Pact of Paris," he said, "has definitely outlawed war, it is clear that any breach of that solemn engagement must rally the whole world against the aggressor." If only that declaration were made the third clause in the "toothless" Kellogg Pact, it would give an immense stimulus to disarmament, for it would create a sort of universal "Locarno." Moreover, America, the sole *raison d'être* of whose powerful navy is the protection of her rights as a possible neutral, could lay aside that anxiety, for henceforward there would be no neutrality, and in consequence no question of freedom of the seas.

**The Hospital
Sweepstake.**

"The Protestant Churches were publicly hostile to the late sweepstake and the Roman Catholic Church's complete silence on the subject may or may not be significant." So the *Times'* Dublin correspondent. And a *Manchester Guardian* leader says :

The British Home Office cannot prevent the Free State from legalizing public gambling any more than it can interfere with the operations of the Free State Censorship Board, which, with tender regard for Irish morality, bans English books and newspapers.

The implication in both cases is clear : there is something wrong about gambling, which the highly moral Protestant cleric fearlessly

denounces, and the virtuous British Home Office should if it could prevent. As usual Puritanism, lacking in a sound ethic, is wrong on its moral estimates. Gambling, like strong-drinking, is wrong only when excessive; it is not wrong in itself. If I may buy for £100 a motor-car in a shop, I may buy for 5s. the chance of a motor-car in a lottery: always supposing the money is my own and that no one else has a lawful claim on it. That the ordinary Catholic knows, and his clergy need not be constantly reminding him of the ethics of the matter. I may spend any cash I have in one of three ways; I may give it away without expecting any equivalent; I may part with it for some other goods, the value of which it represents, or I may exchange it for the mere possibility of getting something much more valuable in return. In this last case, if the possibility is not realized, I have at least purchased a more or less vivid and pleasurable expectation, and to that extent got the worth of my money. However, having vindicated the intrinsic innocence of the practice of gambling, the Catholic moralist is no less keenly alive than the Puritan to its extreme liability to abuse, and to the necessity of its being controlled by law. Probably it comes next to strong drink as a means of ruining the individual and the home. It leads easily to theft, to thriftlessness, to covetousness, to deceit. It is a strong solvent of character, and, once a habit, it is not readily cured. The morality of a sweepstake, therefore, is to be determined mainly by extrinsic considerations. If it is fairly conducted, it can do harm only in so far as it encourages excessive gambling in the community at large. Experience shows that, unless regulated by law, opportunities of gambling would be widely abused; therefore, the question is—how numerous can sweepstakes be without having this bad effect?—a question which only experience can answer. The association of public hospitals with this form of gambling, designed obviously to induce the charitable to dilute their benevolence with a spice of self-seeking, and the selfish to throw a glamour of charity over their selfishness, is also to be judged by its effects. Assuming that vice is not thereby fostered, the money is honest enough, but reliance on that source might possibly tend to dry up more honest ones. We should regret if the practice became common.

**The Failure
of
Prohibition.**

It is a strange commentary on the supposed success of Prohibition in the States that, at a recent Brewers' Convention in Milwaukee, a speaker announced that "every brewery in the country was ready to start pre-Prohibition operations on a few days' notice." One had supposed that all such enterprises had long since been turned into lemonade factories or businesses even more remote from their former character. But the brewers evidently have been biding their time and their foresight has been justified by the results of the late elections to Senate and House of Representatives. Eleven States out of the forty-eight, com-

prising about half the population, have now voted "wet" administrations, which means that they will not enforce Prohibition within their territory. Both in the Senate and in the House the Republican majority has practically disappeared through the election of "wet" Democrats. Theoretically, thirty-six more States have to go "wet" before Prohibition can be repealed, but if a few more of the more populous States join the eleven, so that a large majority of the population want repeal, some way out of the *impasse* will probably be found. Meanwhile a modification of the Volstead Act in the direction of allowing liquor of a higher percentage of alcohol can be passed by Congress, and that is what the brewers are hoping for. A striking article in *The Commonwealth* (November 5th) called "The Intemperance of Prohibition" shows the futility of the attempt made to force an unwilling people into total abstinence. Official investigations have found that the present yearly consumption of strong drink amounts to seven gallons a head! It is also computed that about £560,000,000 is spent every year, none of which, of course, counts as revenue, in that "dry" and thirsty land. With the example of Canada before them and the presence of the liquor gangs in their midst, it is no wonder that more Americans are coming to distrust Prohibition.

**A
Persistent
Misunderstanding.**

The *Catholic World* for November, 1930, publishes an interesting article by a Belgian Jesuit on "The Problem of Anglo-Roman Union," which shows in some respects a more thorough understanding of Anglican conditions than once prevailed, not only in the Priory of Amay-sur-Meuse, but elsewhere in that Catholic country. The author, Père J. de Bivort de la Saudée, declares explicitly "There is no continuity whatever between the present Anglican Church founded by Elizabeth and the Church founded by Christ . . . the Anglican Church of to-day is a human institution, which has never formed a part of the Divine institution, the Catholic Church." This acknowledgement is very satisfactory, for even at Malines this fundamental fact was so thrust out of sight that the whole proceedings were unreal from the start. One cannot effect any sort of spiritual group-union between an ecclesiastical and a lay organization, even though the latter professes to be a Church with a clergy and hierarchy complete. But in spite of this clear assertion, elsewhere, alas, in his paper, Père de la Saudée loses sight of its logical implications and writes as if the Anglicans, or at least the "Anglo-Catholics," *did* form a Church, —so hard is it for the non-British mind to grasp the essential facts of a thoroughly British compromise. He seems still to have hopes of some kind of a group-union with the latter, as if a breach with their fellow-heretics would make them any more orthodox. Instead of realizing the *impossibility*, he speaks of the *difficulty* of the "Re-

establishment [in Anglicanism] of the juridic privileges," possessed by the pre-Reformation Church. He unconsciously ignores the fact that the Catholic Church, "in spite of dungeon, fire and sword," has never ceased to exist in England, and is now in full canonical possession of the land, organically one with its pre-Reformation form. The notoriously unhistorical essay of Dom Lambert Beauduin—"l'Eglise anglicane unie non absorbée"—also ignored this fact, and actually contemplated deposing the existing Catholic canonical Hierarchy in favour of what Catholic believers know to be, objectively, a group of heretical laymen. In other words, the implications of the fact that Anglicanism is no more a "Church" than is the Salvation Army are not clearly grasped in this article.

**No Tampering
with
Revealed Truth.**

Moreover, most unwisely, seeing we are dealing with revealed truth, the author thinks, as did some of the Malines assessors, that "Catholic orthodox doctrine can, without any injury, be presented in a way that will make it more acceptable to persons whose religious attitude is different from ours. Without denying the immutability of the dogmas and their definitions, we must admit that their truth ought not to blind those who seek it ardently. Our Roman light should not blind the eyes of those accustomed to English fogs."

This, we submit, is mere playing with words. The difference between yes and no, wrong and right, in matters concerning the obedience of faith cannot be shaded off by disarming phrases. Either the Church is one and unique, or she is not; there are no half-Churches recognized by Christ. Either the Pope is supreme and infallible, within the well-known limits, or he is not: there is no room for dubious infallibility. English Catholics, despite English fogs, see and embrace the full truth without difficulty; their fellow non-Catholics can be similarly aided by grace to acknowledge that truth is truth, whether "acceptable" or not. We would beg our Catholic friends abroad to get rid finally of the delusion that anything like the Malines Conversations can be renewed. The only good that resulted from them was a conviction that Christian Unity cannot thus be restored; that between the Church and the sects, as Bishop Gore allowed, there are insurmountable dogmatic obstacles. Converts from Anglicanism—come they in large numbers or small—can be dealt with only individually. Even if they are "Anglo-Catholics," the priest who receives them has no guarantee, without personal inquiry, as to the fact, or the extent, or the grounds of their faith. There is no extant body of Anglican doctrine: there is no Anglican teaching at all. It were well if our Continental brethren would not try to foster any further the fallacy that Anglicanism is anything more than one of the Protestant sects, only prevented by being "established," from becoming as fissi-

parous as the rest. Père de la Saudée's paper gives a misleading idea, drawn from Protestant sources, both of the nature of the Malines Conversations and of their results. Their true and final upshot was the Papal Declaration of the only conditions of union, in the famous *Mortalium Animos*. Henceforward all discussions with enquiring outsiders will be based on that declaration—as in a thousand presbytery parlours they are being based to-day.

A
Wrong Decision
Wrongly Defended.

The more the Majority Bishops who passed the fatal Resolution 15 at the Lambeth Conference, attempt to justify their decision, the plainer it becomes that in very truth they knew not what they did. The laboured explanation of their action, given by the Archbishop of Canterbury in Convocation on November 13th, merely showed that he, and those for whom he spoke, did not realize that contraception is intrinsically evil, a process, *i.e.*, which no motives nor circumstances can ever justify. Being thus ignorant of an elementary point of morality, which an unbroken consensus of Christian tradition has determined for all time, they could hardly withstand the pressure of what the Archbishop calls a "great and growing change, almost a revolutionary change, in the customs of married life throughout the whole world," to which they have weakly given way. The Archbishop justly deprecates the popular conclusion that the Bishops were in favour of the use of contraceptives, and undoubtedly they hedged their concession round with many qualifications, but having caused for their flocks a rift in the dam which Christian morality sets against human passion, they must be held partially responsible for attempts to widen it further. After all, if a thing is not wrong in itself, it becomes a matter of positive interdiction, a *malum quia prohibitum*, which can be disregarded for any proportionately grave cause. People will ask—Why should the Bishops say that in this case there is only one such cause? Furthermore, as regards that one, the Archbishop has no warrant for stating, in regard to Christian marriage,—"It is universally admitted . . . that complete abstinence may induce nervous disorders and injury to body or mind." Yet on that unproved assertion he bases his whole case. He had better have remained silent.

Educational
Rights of the
Poor.

We wonder whether, in the preamble of any Education Bill since 1870, when the State first woke up to its duty in this regard, there is embodied a clear definition of what public Education means and of the grounds and extent of the State's rightful share in it. If so, it has been long lost sight of, since for the past two or three generations, educational policy has been vague and changeable, and constantly embittered by unnecessary disputes on

what should have been admitted by all. We have had all-party committees to consider such vital matters as agriculture, electoral reform, national insurance : but party feeling has always run too high to allow of common counsel on the most important matter of all, the proper education of the nation's youth. For lack of principle and understanding, the latest Labour attempt to improve public education suffers from the same defects as the rest. The original sin which has vitiated all previous education measures affects this also—the treating of the children as if they belonged primarily and completely to the State, which accordingly assumes the right of teaching them what it thinks good and of not teaching them what it chooses to omit, irrespective of the paramount rights of the parents. It can act thus because the parents are poor and are deemed incapable of knowing what is best for their progeny. If the Catholic Church had not stood out from the first, and, weak though she is in numbers but strong in vital principle, had not insisted that Catholic parents should at least have their children educated in their faith, parental rights would long ago have gone by default, and the poor would have been completely in the grasp of a doctrinaire bureaucracy. As it is, the practical exclusion of the indigent parent from any say as to what school his child shall attend, what shall be taught him, and for how long, is taken for granted in all educational projects. It will be remembered that at the Manchester Congress of 1926, Cardinal Bourne came to the rescue of the poor, by a carefully thought-out suggestion of "Scholarships for All," whereby the parent, on his child's attaining school age, would receive from the State a warrant entitling him to have his child educated at any school of his choice, provided or non-provided, within a prescribed area ; the value of the warrant being paid by the State to the authorities of the school chosen.¹ How much better and more free from possible abuse is this statesmanlike proposal than the present idea of maintenance grants given to parents whose children are to be kept a year longer at school. This same extension of the school age is just another instance of the tendency of the State to override the rights of poor parents. No one, least of all the Catholic, wants to stand in the way of such children receiving the best possible education, but, after a compulsory minimum, it should surely be enough to provide free opportunity for further advance, in some such way as the Cardinal has suggested. "Maintenance grants," especially if not graded according to needs, are really bribes to parents not to stand in the way of their children's welfare. As a relief for unemployment the measure is fallacious : even if adults replace the children, kept, through a subsidy, at school for another year, the numbers unemployed remain the same.

THE EDITOR.

¹ See "Education: a Novel Solution," C.T.S.

III. NOTES ON THE PRESS

[A summary survey of current periodicals with a view to recording useful articles which 1) expound Catholic doctrine and practice, 2) expose heresy and bigotry, and 3) are of general Catholic interest.]

CATHOLIC DOCTRINE AND PRACTICE.

Augustine, St., and the Eucharist [J. Rivière in *Revue Apologétique*, Nov. 1930, p. 513].

Modernism, The Fruits of [B. Leeming, S.J., in *Month*, Dec. 1930, p. 511].

CATHOLIC DEFENCE.

Catholics in Ireland and non-Catholic education [J. C. Joy, S.J., in *Irish Monthly*, Nov. 1930, p. 1].

Contraception: Resolution 15 of the Lambeth Conference discussed morally [H. Davis, S.J., in *Catholic Medical Guardian*, Oct. 1930, p. 159].

Coulton, Dr., and the English Martyrs [*Tablet*, Nov. 1, 1930, p. 569].

Hinduism trying to absorb Christianity [B. Vlasveld, S.S.J., in *Catholic Missions*, Nov. 1930, p. 330].

Lambeth's False Morality [R. Ginns, O.P., in *Blackfriars*, Nov. 1930, p. 677].

Modernist, The, the genuine Protestant [V. McNabb, O.P., in *Blackfriars*, Nov. 1930, p. 651].

Proselytizing Societies in Ireland [Rev. E. J. Quigley in *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, Nov. 1930, p. 471].

Turmel, Ex Abbé, excommunicated for heresy [*Tablet*, Nov. 15, 1930, p. 636]: Strange tolerance of his modernism in French Ecclesiastical journals [L. Saltet in *Bulletin de Littérature Ecclesiastique*, July—Oct. 1930, p. 151]: Whole case reviewed [*Documentation Catholique*, Nov. 22, 1930, p. 899].

POINTS OF CATHOLIC INTEREST.

Augustine's, St., Sermons [I. Giordani in *Commonweal*, Nov. 12, 1930, p. 44].

Capitalism, The Tyranny of [Abbé A. Lugan in *Commonweal*, Nov. 12, 1930, p. 35].

Capitalist system the reason for Unemployment [Rev. R. A. McGowan in *N.C.W.C. Review*, Nov. 1930, p. 28].

Catholicism in Berlin [Dom Maternus, O.S.B., in *Southwark Record*, Nov. 1930, p. 329].

Cinema: The Industry in U.S.A. adopts a Moral Code [W. Parsons, S.J., in *America*, Nov. 15, 1930, p. 131].

Crime in U.S.A. due to "secular" education [*America*, Nov. 15, 1930, p. 126]: An organized business [*Commonweal*, Oct. 22, 1930, p. 623].

Defectives, The Cure of [W. D. O'Leary in *The Modern Schoolman*, Nov. 1930, p. 13].

Jacobite Bishops, Conversion of, in India [T. C. Chacko in *Catholic Times*, Nov. 21, p. 11].

Medical Missions [F. J. Bowen in *Commonweal*, Oct. 29, 1930, p. 666].

Negroes, Catholic Evangelization of, in U.S.A. [J. La Farge, S.J., in *Jesuit Missions*, Nov. 1930, p. 232].

Pope, The, and The Missions [*Documentation Catholique*, Nov. 1, 1930].

Prohibition, Intemperance of [*Commonweal*, Nov. 5, 1930, p. 5].

Russian Slave-Labour [G. M. Godden in *Tablet*, Nov. 15, 1930, p. 638].

Sex-Education: When and how much [Dr. T. J. Hurley in *Catholic Medical Guardian*, Oct. 1930, p. 169].

War, American Catholics organize against [*Commonweal*, Nov. 19, 1930, p. 57].

REVIEWS

I—"THE SACRAMENTARY"; VOLS. IV. AND V.¹

IT is curious that neither upon the title-page nor upon the dust-cover of the latest of these volumes (though the *imprimatur* is dated June 26th, 1930) is there any mention of the fact that the distinguished author in July, 1929, was raised to the Cardinalate, having previously been consecrated Archbishop of Milan. The book of course was completed some time before these dignities were conferred, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that his valuable contributions to liturgical studies were of some moment in determining the Holy Father's choice of a suitable successor to St. Ambrose and St. Charles Borromeo in the See which the present Pope himself had occupied less than ten years earlier.

The two concluding volumes of this English translation are mainly devoted to the *Sanctorale* of the Missal, in other words, to the festivals occurring in the calendar throughout the year. It is a little difficult to understand the principle upon which the selection of feasts has been made. Cardinal Schuster has apparently had regard in the main to the contents of the old Roman Calendar, and we are consequently confronted with such unfamiliar names as St. Euplus, SS. Paternutius and Copretes, St. Brice, etc., but this does not explain the inclusion of several others, for instance, of St. Willibrord, the English missionary to the Frisians, and St. Sylvia, the mother of St. Gregory the Great. On the other hand the more recent additions to the roll kept by the Universal Church are not unnaturally lacking and we learn nothing of such feasts as those of St. Teresa of the Infant Jesus, St. Peter Canisius, etc.

Much out-of-the-way information is packed into these notices, though it is often curiously casual, and in a sense irrelevant, as for example, when an interesting quotation from St. Optatus of Milevis is tacked on to the notice of another St. Optatus, honoured upon November 27th. There is the same apparent want of prearranged plan in the miscellaneous excursuses which, as in previous volumes, are inserted at the beginning and end. Thus in Vol. IV. we have a devotional little essay on "The Vocation to the Priesthood and the Prayer of the Christian People," and in Vol. V. there are dissertations on "The Sanc-

¹ "The Sacramentary." (*Liber Sacramentorum*), *Historical and Liturgical Notes on the Roman Missal*. Vols. IV. and V. By Ildefonso Schuster, O.S.B. Translated by Arthur Levelis-Marke and Mrs. W. Fairfax-Cholmeley. London: Burns, Oates and Washbourne. Pp. xii. 456, and xii. 348. Price, 15s. each volume. 1929 and 1930.

tuaries of the Blessed Virgin in medieval Rome," on "The Portraits of the Madonna venerated at Rome," on "The Festival of the Assumption in the ancient Roman Liturgy" and on "The Holy Mass in various public and private circumstances of the Christian Life." Needless to say all these essays contain much matter of curious interest. One would have expected perhaps a rather fuller treatment of the Requiem Masses celebrated on the third, seventh, and thirtieth day after burial, as a good deal has of late been written on this subject in Germany, but it is plain that all liturgical science, not to speak of folk-lore, cannot be compressed even into five stout volumes in smallish type. We can only be grateful for the very great deal which Cardinal Schuster has given us from his stores of learning, and for the generally excellent English rendering which, in spite of the change of translator, has not deteriorated in the later sections. Some of the shorter Greek quotations in Vol. V. do not seem to have been very carefully revised in the matter of accents, etc., but this is a comparatively trivial matter.

2—LUTHER THE INQUISITOR¹

PROFESSOR Mackinnon, as we learn from the Preface to his fourth and concluding volume, is sore because his "Roman Catholic critics—with a couple of notable exceptions—find little or no good in the work," and because "they prefer the Luther of the traditional Romanist conception." We should be sorry to say, for our own part, that there is no good in this undoubtedly very painstaking and well documented dissection of the mentality of the Reformer. It is valuable in our eyes precisely because the author, in spite of his very natural desire to make out the best case possible for the founder of Protestantism, seems to us to justify in every point that traditional Romanist conception of which he speaks. That Luther was a man of surprising energy, with great force of character, marvellous industry and an unrivalled readiness and power of expression, no one has ever denied. He was an emotional volcano, but like a volcano the net result of his activities was desolation. In no portion of this four-volume biography does the ruin and turmoil which was the fruit of Luther's revolt appear more clearly than in those last sixteen years which Dr. Mackinnon so strangely characterizes on the title-page of this final section of his work as the "Vindication of the Movement." If he had called it "Nemesis" he would have been nearer the mark. There was practically speaking not a single position the Reformer had taken up in the course of his revolt

¹ *Luther and the Reformation*. By Prof. James Mackinnon. Vol. IV. Longmans. Pp. xviii. 372. Price, 16s.

against Rome which he did not substantially surrender. He was the apostle of private judgment, but when the exercise of that freedom led his followers to conclusions in conflict with his own, he became the bitterest and most unforgiving of opponents. It is to Dr. Mackinnon's credit that in the main he does not shirk these unpleasant truths. Speaking of the conflict with Agricola and the Antinomians he says:

Throughout it Luther appears very touchy on the score of his personal authority and very prone to resent a mere difference of theological opinion as a personal offence . . . He is apt to see heresy in honest difference of opinion and has become as keen a heresy hunter in his own fold as the Romanists were in theirs.

But it was the same everywhere. Just as the Inquisition was invariably ready to deal most leniently with a first offender on condition that the accused would retract and conform, so Luther was apt to deprecate extreme measures so long as he hoped to prevail and to get his own views accepted. But continued opposition roused him to fury—

In his relations with the Anabaptists he proceeds to controvert their extreme radical tendency at the risk of being himself accused of having become a papist. He accordingly appears at the outset in the strange rôle of apologist of the Papacy as against their extreme radicalism and champions the legitimacy of historic Christianity [in other words, of tradition] against their appeal to the Scripture Anabaptistically interpreted . . . In his reactionary revulsion from their extreme subjectivism, he almost at times seems to resile from his cardinal doctrine of faith as the fundamental principle of the religious life. At all events, it is rather singular to find him belittling this principle as interpreted by his opponents, who claim to be carrying his teaching to its logical issue. . . What folly and audacity to assume that for more than 1,000 years, during which infant baptism has been the universal practice, the Church has been given over to a delusion, and that so many generations of Christians, including ever so many saints, have been really without the blessing of baptism!

This was the argumentative stage in which Luther expressed his disapproval of "the brutal treatment of the Anabaptists in Romanist territories," but when no good result was effected, he was of one mind with the gentle Melancthon that those who persistently refused to renounce their errors ought to be punished by death, on the double ground of sedition and blasphemy. The same story was repeated in the Reformer's attitude towards

the Jews. In 1523 he could not find words strong enough to denounce "our fools the popes, bishops, sophists and monks—those gross asses heads—who have treated the Jews as if they were dogs and not men, and have never sought to show them the Gospel in its true light." Twenty years later he had nothing but curses to bestow upon the Jews who had not listened to his appeal. His denunciations "grow into a perfect hurricane of invective, a blazing volcano of hatred and fury, which blasts their character and their history and exhausts even his fertile vocabulary." He would burn their synagogues and schools, pull down their houses and drive every one of them out of the country at the point of the sword. It may be that this fourth volume of Professor Mackinnon's work does really constitute a "Vindication of the Movement," but, so far as we can discern, it is a vindication only in this sense that the Lutheran revolt did contribute to the well-being of the Church at large by bringing about the Council of Trent and the true reformation of many existing abuses.

3—RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE¹

THE recent additions, mentioned below, to the *Catholic Library of Religious Knowledge*, a series of 100 volumes written by eminent Continental scholars, contain much that is important for the student. The story told by Professor Amann, of Christian origins—*The Church of the Early Centuries*—which unfolds the growth of what seemed an obscure Jewish sect into an Empire-wide organization with a gradually defined organization, apparently shaped by this or that accident, but in reality evolving "according to plan," is of fascinating interest. It divides naturally into two main Parts, "The Church and the Pagan Empire," and "The Church and the Christian Empire"—the first ending with the Edict of Milan (313), the second with the Sixth Ecumenical Council (682). The abiding presence of Christ in His Church is demonstrated by her continued survival in spite of external persecution and the still more destructive influence of internal heresy. Nothing not divine could have withstood both the hostility and the friendship of the secular power.

Professor Felix Vernet covers a very wide canvas in his treatise on *Medieval Spirituality*—the expression of the soul's attempt at union with God in the Church from the seventh to the fifteenth

¹ *The Church of the Early Centuries*. By Professor Amann, translated by E. Raybould. Pp. vii. 242. *Medieval Spirituality*. By Felix Vernet, translated by Benedictines of Talacre. Pp. 237. *The Christian Latin Literature of the First Six Centuries*. By Abbé Bardy, translated by Mother M. Reginald, O.P. Pp. viii. 222. *The Congregations of Priests from the Sixteenth to the Eighteenth Century*. By P. Pisani, freely translated by Mother M. Reginald, O.P. Pp. 195. London: Sands. Each 3s. 6d. n.

centuries. It is strange that so essentially simple a thing, the lines of which are so clearly depicted in the Gospels and in St. Paul—"the putting on of Christ," the losing one's life to find it—should find such a variety of application, according to nationality, temperament, spiritual allegiance; should be capable of classification into schools and parties, fundamentally based on God's revelation yet producing great diversity of supernatural architecture. Professor Vernet treats his material both positively, *i.e.*, examining the characteristic spirit of the chief schools—Benedictine, Augustinian, Franciscan, etc., and doctrinally, according to the different methods of approach to God. This latter part involves a useful discussion of Mysticism. But within the limits imposed, the author can do little more than catalogue the innumerable spiritual variations he encounters: this alone is most helpful. The bibliography includes many recent books in English.

M. l'Abbé Bardy has already approved himself in this series by a volume on Early Christian Greek Literature. He has now furnished a complementary treatise called *The Christian Latin Literature of the first Six Centuries*. We hardly realize that at the start the Church, as soon as it broke its Jewish bonds, was Greek in language and forms of thought. Greek was the language of culture and commerce even in the West, and it was not till the end of the second century that Christianity was expressed in Latin. But after Tertullian, men realized how well the language of Cicero could be moulded to religious themes, and adapted to the application of piety to life. Following the Roman genius, the Latin Fathers concerned themselves more with morality than with faith, leaving speculation, with its dangers, to the Greeks. Tertullian, Cyprian, Lactentius, and others filled a glorious century. Then came Ambrose, Jerome, and, greatest of all, Augustine, who by their holiness and genius definitely secured for the West the development of Christian thought. The Barbarian invasions put an end to that great period, but even amid the overthrow of the Empire there were writers who, like Pope St. Leo the Great, carried on the doctrinal tradition. The Abbé does not, of course, confine himself to prominent writers, but gives a careful record of all, including the numerous Christian poets.

It is calculated that nearly sixty congregations of priests have been founded during the last century to cope with varieties of work at home and in the mission field. These the Abbé P. Pisani of Notre Dame leaves outside the scope of his useful volume, *The Congregations of Priests from the Sixteenth to the Eighteenth Century*, an endeavour to give an orderly account of the different institutions of Clerks Regular which, after the Reformation, arose to meet the special needs of a disrupted Christendom. Some of these were organizations of the secular clergy united under a central government with a specified, generally missionary, end:

others were genuine Religious like the Jesuits, the Passionists and the Redemptorists. In all Abbé Pisani gives the history and present statistics of about a score. He omits, for some reason, the development of the Oratorians in England: otherwise his work is singularly complete.

4—MILAN UNIVERSITY THESES

WE have frequently, within the last few years, called the attention of our readers to the many learned publications—some of them of high value—produced by the "Vita e Pensiero" Company, the official publishers of the Catholic University of Milan. The highly-specialized nature of some of the dissertations makes it impossible to give a detailed account of their contents, but we shall be doing something for Catholic scholarship by even a brief enumeration of such works. Thus, the Faculty of Jurisprudence is represented by *Contributi alla teoria generale della prescrizione* (pp. 150), by E. Gropallo; *I Problemi Possessori, relativi al servus fugitivus*, by Prof. Albertario: from the same pen, another short treatise, *La Pollicitatio*. International Law in one of its most important departments provides the theme for Signor Carlo Cereti's elaborate treatise *La Tutela Giuridica degli Interessi Internazionali*. As the author points out, the right of all sovereign peoples to defend their interests, collective and individual, in foreign countries, has been a fruitful source of controversies and of wars in the past; and the lack of any adequate definition and regulation of this right is a permanent menace to the peace of the world. It would not require any very profound knowledge of modern history to illustrate this thesis. The danger is with us at the present moment in more than one region of post-war Europe.

The papyrus-literature contains valuable information concerning the legal system in Egypt during the Hellenistic period; and this new knowledge is the theme of a dissertation by Signor Arangio-Ruiz, entitled *Persone e Famiglia nel Diritto dei Papiri*.

The Social Science Section contains two monographs; the first is a brief study of a distinguished Catholic publicist (*Profilo di G. Toniolo, Economista*), by Prof. Marconcini; also from the same pen, an historical study of the currency problem (*Vicende dell'Oro e dell'Argento*).

Of more general interest are the four brochures published by the Faculty of Philosophy; but, here again, we must content ourselves with a passing mention. Dr. Olgiati discusses the place of Leibniz in the history of Thought (*Il Significato storico di Leibniz*). Like everything its author writes, this work combines erudition with independence and distinction of thought.

The principal modern interpretations of Leibniz, like that of Conturat in France, and that of Bertrand Russell in England, are carefully considered. An interesting chapter in the history of Scholasticism is covered by Prof. A. Masnovo (*Da Guglielmo d'Auvergne a San Tomaso d'Aquino*): the author's main pre-occupation is the development of ascetico-mystical doctrine in this period. A second volume of this study is promised. Prof. Masnovo also contributes a short criticism of the Neo-Scholasticism of Mercier and the Louvain School in *Problemi di Metafisica e di Criteriologia*. Like many others, he is not satisfied with certain of the Cardinal's views, notably on the doctrine of intrinsic possibility, and on the philosophical definition of Truth. Lastly, Prof. M. Casotti gives us still another study of the pedagogical ideas of J. J. Rousseau in *Il Moralismo di G. G. Rousseau*.

It must suffice to give the names of the following works, with which we terminate this very inadequate account of the University's literary activity for the present year up to the time of writing: *Contributi del Laboratorio di Statistica*, a composite work; *La Pedagogia si R. Lambruschini*, by Prof. M. Casotti; *Lo Stilo Diplomatico*, and *Lineamenti di Storia della Colonizzazione Francese*, both by Prof. A. M. Bettanini.

SHORT NOTICES.

THEOLOGICAL.

FR. Raoul Plus's **Baptism and Confirmation** (B.O. and W.: 3s. 6d.) is in reality a treatise on the supernatural; how it may be attained, how lost, how preserved. We are delighted to see a chapter devoted to the question of the salvation of unbaptized adults, which will be consoling reading to those who misunderstand the Church's dictum "outside the Church there is no salvation." The book should be of special interest to C.E.G. speakers.

BIBLICAL.

Certain lectures delivered by various Catholic scholars, through the enterprise of the Scottish C.T.S. in Aberdeen, have been edited by Father Lattey and published under the title **St. Paul and his Teaching** (Sands: 3s. 6d. n.). Beginning with an introductory essay on the personality and writings of the Apostle, by Father C. A. Corbishley, M.A., the doctrines dealt with are "The Divinity of Christ," by the Rev. A. Bonnar, O.F.M.,—which refutes the prevalent Anglican errors regarding Our Lord's Kenosis: "The Church," by Father Knox, emphasizing her Unity: "The Holy Eucharist," by the Rev. T. E. Bird, D.D.,—an admirable piece of exegesis, and finally a very able exposition of the Parousia as taught by St. Paul, by Father Lattey. All these doctrines have been and are

grievously misunderstood by heretics, and the volume will always be useful to those who have the opportunity of enlightening them.

MORAL.

Father Sebastian Uccello has just produced a moral-ascetic work on the Sacrament of Penance, treating the subject as an integral part of Pastoral Theology, in accordance with the Apostolic Letter of our Holy Father (1922). The author has made a careful study of the works of saintly confessors, for example, Blessed Cafasso and, of course, St. Francis of Sales. The book comprises chapters on the duties, qualities, and virtues of Confessors, on the principles of restitution, the Confessor's manner of acting, the rules for guidance in the spiritual life, frequent Confession and Holy Communion, scruples, temptations, and mystical states. The last chapter discusses the duties of some particular states of life. It will therefore be seen that this book covers the ground usually covered by all Moral Theologians, but it does so much more fully. A Confessor will read the book with great profit. We have observed one point only on which we fail to agree with the author; it concerns a point on marriage (p. 482, sec. 2), which needs no discussion here. The book is entitled *Epitome de Sacramenti Poenitentiae Ministerio* (Marietti, Turin: 15.00 l.).

Two more volumes of the recently opened series "Les Moralistes Chrétiens," continue to maintain the excellent standard of their predecessors. We remind our readers that the series is not intended to give us personal studies of the authors selected; it is rather proposed, by means of a synthesis of passages taken from his writings, to let each give us his own teaching, as far as possible in his own words, harmonized into a single whole. With some, as with Bourdaloue, this is comparatively easy, with others it is more difficult; in *St. Francois de Sales*, by Paul Archambault, (Gabalda: 21.00 fr.) we have a successful attempt to systematize one of the most difficult of all. The section of the Principles on which St. Francis relied is particularly illuminating. Incidentally, as was only to be expected, the author remarks on the current controversy stirred up in France by Abbé Henri Bremond. He throws oil on troubled waters, as St. Francis himself would certainly have done; showing that the rival schools are looking, indeed, at the same thing, but from different angles.

The second volume, *Tertullien et Cyprien*, by M. le Chanoine L. Bayard (Gabalda: 21.00 fr.), gives us, if nothing else, an excellent selection from the writings of two of the most virile authors the world has ever known; in this at least, worthy predecessors of their yet greater fellow-countryman, Augustine. The editor has had difficulty in making any system from their writings; on the other hand, he has let us see plainly the age in which these moralists lived and the methods they adopted to combat the evils of their times.

ECCLESIASTICAL.

A subject, not, as far as we know, formally dealt with hitherto, is treated by Rudolf Fattinger in *Pastoralchemie* (Herder, Freiburg: 6.50 m.), which concerns matters relating to the Sacraments not to be found in manuals of moral theology. Anyone desirous to know all that

has a bearing on the validity or liceity of the matter of the Sacraments, and all that is connected with material employed for liturgical purposes as metal, textile stuff, lights etc., will find here, for the first time, an exhaustive treatment. The author works into his book the results of chemistry, physics and botany, to point out how the material has to be managed in its production, purchase, keeping and use, in order to satisfy the laws and rules of the Church. His conclusions are endorsed by quoted decisions of the S.C.S. Officii. A good deal of the matter treated will prove of especially great value to a missionary priest who may have to face new situations in which an immediate decision is required.

PHILOSOPHICAL.

As the author, Dr. Fritz-Joachim von Pintelen, tells us in the preface to *Der Versuch einer Überwindung des Historismus bei Ernst Troeltsch* (Max Niemeyer), the booklet is merely a forerunner of a larger work of his which will soon appear in print. Ernst Troeltsch was a German Protestant Theologian († 1923) who became well known through several philosophical works in which he endeavoured to refute the philosophical system of History, or "Historismus." According to his system all our thinking and knowledge is determined by, and is dependent upon the historical development of the world. There are no absolute values. Right, morality, religion, art, etc., can only be understood as ever changing phases of history manifested in new individualizations. Troeltsch, who clearly perceived that this system could hardly avoid drifting into utter scepticism, endeavours in four phases of his philosophical development to refute it. The author gives just a short sketch of each of these phases without adding any critical comment. In the last chapter "Kritische Gedanken," however, he states briefly his own position which in the main is opposed to that of Troeltsch.

It was to be expected that the recent celebrations to commemorate the centenary of St. Augustine should set men asking themselves in what way the principles he has laid down are illustrated in our own time. In *The Two Kingdoms*, a series of eight essays by six Catholic priests (Ouseley: 6s.), an attempt has been made, as the title implies, to show how true is the teaching of Augustine's "City of God" in our own generation. The authors have written independently of each other; it was almost inevitable, therefore, that there should be some repetition, since each had to cover more or less the same ground. Indeed, it is not very clear, in some cases, how the titles of the essays materially differ from each other. Outstanding among the contributions to the volume we would mention "The Church and Civilization," by the Rev. W. E. Brown, D.D., and "The Church and the Modern Mind," by the Rev. J. G. MacGillivray, M.A. The last essay, "The Church and the Outlook," by the Rev. Benedict Williamson, being more or less eschatological and prophetic, might not please some readers. But when the whole volume has been studied, perhaps the lesson to be learnt is best expressed by His Eminence Cardinal Bourne in his short Preface, where he says: "The earth is made a better place, the Kingdom of God is extended, the world-spirit is weakened, by the goodness of individual lives, however hidden and insignificant they may appear to be." This is the whole matter, after all.

DEVOTIONAL.

Père Pierre Charles, S.J., has won an enviable reputation for his power of proving that every common bush is afire with God, *i.e.*, that the natural, to the eye of faith, is always suffused by the supernatural. Out of a single short phrase of Scripture or liturgy he can draw, easily and simply, depth after depth of meaning, illustrating both the fecundity of the divine utterances and the fine art of meditation. Those who have valued the first and second series will hasten to add the third volume of his *Prayer for all Times* (Sands: 5s. n.), which has the same skilled translator as the others, to their prie-dieu collection.

Père Joseph de Guibert's *Etudes de Théologie Mystique* (Editions de la R.A.M., Toulouse: 15.00 fr.), is not a treatise, properly so called, on Mysticism, nor a manual for mystics. It consists of a series of studies in the subject, contributed at various times to the *Revue d'Ascétique et de Mystique*, here arranged in their logical order and trimmed of matters of but ephemeral interest. The author goes exhaustively into the question of vocabulary, examining scrupulously the definitions of the word "mysticism" which modern philosophers and writers on the subject, both Catholic and otherwise, have offered. In the practical matter of the "vocation" to the contemplative life (by no means the same thing as a vocation to a contemplative Order) Père Guibert distinguishes between this word, as it implies the personal choice of a soul by God, and the word "call" in an objective sense—as, for instance, all Christians may be said to be called to attain Heaven without passing through Purgatory. He seems to hold that only in the latter sense can it be truly said that all who are aiming at the more perfect service of God are *called* to the state (admittedly beyond our power to merit) of contemplation. On the question which so much engages the attention of modern mystical writers as to whether there exists an *acquired* contemplation distinct from that which all acknowledge to be *infused*, Père Guibert appears to hold the affirmative. The prayer with which Père Poulain (after Bossuet) has familiarized us under the name of "the Prayer of Simplicity," *is* this acquired contemplation: not purely or absolutely acquired (for no supernatural act can be that) but such as by our own acts, elicited with the aid of grace, we can prepare ourselves, not negatively alone but positively, to practise, so that in the absence of any special obstacle we should, with the help of the ordinary graces that are always at the disposal of the fervent soul, arrive at this contemplation. Arintero, Saudreau, Lamballe, Reigada, maintain that the Prayer of Simplicity (implying as it does the "loving attention" to God) is, in fact, infused contemplation even though it be but the lowest degree of it. The question is still in vigorous debate, and Père Guibert certainly makes out a very strong case for his side. The rest of the book is occupied with a careful examination of most of the great problems of theory and of practice that engage the attention of writers on mysticism to-day. So careful, indeed, and so impartial is the author, that at times his own opinion does not emerge very distinctly. Two appendices, one on the infused gift of humility, and the other on "The Art of Contemplation" of Raymund Lull, complete what is certainly one of the most important works on this subject that has appeared in recent times.

HISTORICAL.

The volume which has been edited by the Rev. Clifford J. Offer, under the title of *The Bishop's Register* (S.P.C.K.: 12s. 6d.), will no doubt be found useful by students who, debarred by their insufficient knowledge of Latin from consulting the originals, desire to learn something of the very miscellaneous contents of the episcopal registers preserved to us from pre-Reformation times. Mr. Offer arranges his selections under three heads; 1^o "Documents illustrating the Religious [*i.e.*, monastic] Life," 2^o "Documents Administrative and Parochial," and 3^o "Miscellaneous Documents." To the first and second sections short introductions are prefixed and a batch of supplementary notes are added in conclusion. We must confess that the editor's choice of materials seems to us somewhat arbitrary and to have been guided by a distinctly tendential purpose. The uninitiated reader might easily conclude from the specimens here submitted that the principal duty of the occupant of any English See was to survey and keep in check the grave abuses which tainted the cloistered life of monks and nuns, and he would also be led to infer that when the bishops were constrained on some rare occasions to have any relations with the papacy they were mainly intent on protesting against the exactions of the Roman curia and showed resentment of any interference on the part of the head of the Church. This may be the belief of a large number of earnest Anglicans, but it is not a belief borne out by an inspection of the registers themselves. Neither is Mr. Offer particularly happy or accurate in the wording of his translations. He makes the Abbot of Wigmore say (p. 39) that he has "ordained two confessors," which certainly the Abbot could not have done, though he might have "appointed" them. He talks (p. 58) of servants who were "demoralizing" to their ladies, *i.e.*, the nuns. The Latin word is *conviciantes* and means only that they were impertinent. He uses the phrase "daily hours" where the original speaks of "the day hours," or little hours, as opposed to the long night office. He tells us also (p. 193 n.) that the Nativity was the principal feast of Our Lady. And there are many other misunderstandings which could not be made clear without more lengthy quotations than we can here find room for.

Issued only in October, 1929, *War Letters to a Wife* (The Medici Society: 7s. 6d. n.), by Lieut. Col. Rowland Feilding ran through three impressions before the end of the year and met with the highest praise from critics of every class. We added our mite to the chorus in April of this year, and now are glad to see that a continued demand for the book has produced a "popular" edition at half the original price, which we hope will gain for it an even wider public. For if ever we are to learn the folly and futility of war, as well as the heroism and despair of those who are called upon to wage it, it is from books such as this, written as it were from the trenches themselves and speaking for the dumb multitudes that lived and died in them, that the salutary lesson is to be sought.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

"In many respects Pascal may be regarded as the man who most fully represents the spirit of the French. What Plato is to Greece, Dante to Italy, Cervantes and St. Teresa to Spain, and Shakespeare to England,

Pascal is to France." On this note M. Jacques Chevalier begins his study of *Pascal* (Sheed and Ward: 15s.). We do not know how far French readers will agree with the author's estimate; to us it seems, to say the least, not a little extravagant, we had almost said juvenile. If he had said that Pascal was one of the most difficult minds in literature adequately to estimate, we might have been more disposed to agree; that he is the most representative of Frenchmen is surely much to claim. He was a genius, and a precocious genius; he was a mathematician from childhood, as other great mathematicians have been; in spite of that, and in spite of the love of accuracy and truth which a mathematical training should engender, few writers have so twisted the truth to their own purpose when it has so pleased them as Pascal; and even M. Chevalier gives up all attempt to justify or defend him in this vagary. As at the beginning of his life he developed the science of mathematics, so at the end he wrote wonderfully in defence of the Christian religion. But there lies an intermediate space, during which this neurotic genius seems to have lost his head. It is not so much this that puzzles us when we try to estimate Pascal; it is rather the fact that this tremendous champion of truth and charity in controversy should never have retracted one of the cruellest travesties of the teaching of others that have ever been written. Perhaps the explanation really lies in Pascal's physique; an invalid from infancy, a tendency to be morbid always, a certain consequent bitterness of character,—these things, when his soul was passing through a very revolution, found expression in his pen. It may be added that M. Chevalier worships at the shrine, not only of Pascal, but also of Descartes; readers may therefore be advised to compare his estimate of that philosopher with that furnished by Jacques Maritain in *Three Reformers*, published by the same house.

Though Mrs. Plunket Greene's new book, *Two Witnesses* (Dent: 7s. 6d.), calls itself "a personal recollection of Hubert Parry and Friedrich von Hügel," perhaps her readers will see in it more of autobiography, an account, almost unconscious to herself, of her own reactions to the influence upon her of these two remarkable men. Perhaps, too, they will be most impressed by those pages in which she has forgotten Parry, and von Hügel, and herself, and has allowed her pen to run on, reacting to the influences of life itself, comparing or contrasting the past and the present; above all, the youth in her own day and now. In this way her book becomes more than one of mere recollections in the commonly accepted sense; it is rather a simple and faithful description of a soul, as it has been affected by two dynamic forces acting for years upon it. Mrs. Plunket Greene seems to say: "By their fruits you shall know them. I describe to you the fruit, so far as I am able; let the reader judge of its origins for himself." As a sequel to the author's *Letters to a Niece* this volume has a special attraction; but it is also a delight on its own account, as giving another insight into three deep wells of thought.

A beautifully illustrated little book called *The Footsteps of Sir Thomas More* (Sands: 3s. 6d. n.) has been produced by Miss A. B. Teetgen. Her plan was to bring together a record of every thing or place associated with Blessed Thomas and still in existence. She has, of course, been greatly helped by the wonderful More Collection of Mr. Longstaff, who

contributes an interesting preface. The record is both chatty and informative and should deepen our interest in the great Chancellor. On p. 14 in the catalogue of relics, the words "Newton Abbot" have been misplaced. It is the convent of St. Augustine there that possesses the Martyr's hair-shirt, bequeathed to it by Margaret Clements, child of his adopted daughter, who died a nun in that convent, then at Louvain.

We may mention in connection with the holy Martyr, a drama written by Francis J. Bowen on his history and called *The Blessed Thomas More* (Sands: 1s. 6d. n.). It would be difficult, we fancy, to represent it on the stage, but the incidents of the Martyr's career are represented in a very readable fashion.

M. l'Abbé Bremond is one of those Catholic writers who illustrates the familiar saying that only those who are thoroughly orthodox can allow themselves to see the humorous side of the things of Faith and to disport themselves accordingly. It is a faculty to be used with restraint, if only on account of the weaker brethren: it is a faculty, some would say, rarely to be used north of the Tweed; but only a Jansenist would debar its use altogether. In his study of Armand de Rancé, the reformer of La Trappe, admirably "Englished" by Mr. Sheed under the title of *The Thundering Abbot* (Sheed and Ward: 7s. 6d. n.), the Abbé, moving with ease and security amid the tangled ecclesiastical politics of seventeenth century France, aims at restoring the true character of his subject, which uncritical and partizan biographers had thoroughly obscured. Those biographers receive very short shrift at his hands; he makes humorous play with their solemn hero-worship, and translating their elaborate *meïoses* into a frank vernacular, makes the truth as he sees it stand out very clear. His sketch of the Abbot's character is so carefully documented by the opinions of his contemporaries and so mercilessly supported by his victim's self-revelation, that it can with difficulty be questioned. And yet it is customary for Providence, when instituting Religious Orders, or merely reforming them, to make use of genuine Saints, of those, *i.e.*, who exemplify in their principles and conduct the perfection to which their followers are called. The Abbé would have us believe that the great Cistercian reform, a permanent illustration of the Church's Note of Holiness, was brought about by one who had no real conception of the essence of holiness and who can only be saved from gross sins against charity, and from spiritual pride, by attributing to him quite colossal powers of self-delusion. And though he gives us ample cause to share his belief, still, the *a priori* doubt remains. However, the book holds the reader entranced, so skilfully is the true ideal insinuated against a background of ecclesiastical worldliness and through a mist of theological polemics.

HAGIOGRAPHICAL.

A new series, "Collection Les Pèlerinages," has begun to appear in France, the members of which must necessarily 'cover old ground, though in a new way. For instance, the first, *Lourdes*, by Gaëtan Bernoville (Flammarion: 10.00 fr.), treats of a well-worn subject; nevertheless we suspect that anyone who takes up this book will not be inclined to lay it down until he has finished. The author possesses three qualities which give him a great power; love of nature, psychological

insight, humour. The first enables him to reconstruct the Lourdes of Bernadette's day and before; with the second he analyses the characters of the various actors in the drama, not least of Bernadette herself; the third enables him to laugh and scold at the same time, to pick out the foibles of the pilgrims even while he reveres all that is holy at the Shrine.

The second volume of the series, *Sainte-Radegonde*, by Mathilde Alanic (Flammarion: 10.00 fr.), deals with a Shrine less well known, except to dwellers in and about Poitiers. But the author's method is the same, vivid, even dramatic; in this way, at least, she portrays the sad yet noble life of the saint whom she ardently admires. St. Radegonde, the wife of Clothair, lived in almost terrible times; we cannot wonder that her memory is still kept alive in the land of her adoption. Much study has gone to the making of this book, which gives us an insight into the ways and customs of a stirring age.

LITURGICAL.

Helps for the understanding of, and devout participation in, the Sacred Liturgy are multiplying, and the modern Catholic has only himself to blame if he is not using to the full the precious heritage which his Faith opens to him and which makes earth the veritable vestibule of Heaven. *Sacred Signs* (Sheed and Ward: 2s. 6d. n.), by Dr. Romano Guardini, translated by the late G. H. Pollen, S.J.,—may his good works meet their fit reward—is one of the most suggestive books towards a right use of the means of worship that we have lately met, for it will help those who study it to combat effectively that great foe of devotion—mechanical routine. It helps to show how God is everywhere, in the Church as well as in Nature, and how His disguises may be fruitfully penetrated. In a second volume, *The Spirit of the Liturgy* (Sheed and Ward: 2s. 6d. n.), the same author gives us a formal treatment of the subject, equally illuminating and thoroughly exhaustive. He is not one to deprecate every form of devotion which is not liturgical; he plainly shows that the response of the spirit to divine beauty and wisdom may take either or both shapes: in fact, that they supplement each other, as "Logos" (Truth) does "Ethos" (Goodness); and that obviously truth must come first as revealing the norm of goodness. In one place (p. 94) the author seems unduly to confine the Ignatian Exercises to the discipline of the will, whereas the enlightening of the understanding is equally insisted on in that masterpiece of psychology.

Messrs. Gill and Son have published under the title *Dona Eis Requiem* (Dublin: 2s. n.) the Office and Mass for the Dead in Latin and English, with kindred devotions under the capable editorship of Father Aloysius,—a very handy little volume.

LITERARY.

To compass in one volume of some 400 pages so vast a theme as Mr. Bernard Groom attempts in his *Literary History of England* (Longmans: 8s. 6d. n.) is a bold venture, needing both competent knowledge and a nice sense of discrimination. The book is intended as a manual for schools, and accordingly the author interposes chapters of analysis and criticism of literary forms in his records of lives and works. We cannot

complain if a non-Catholic takes the Protestant view of the Reformation and of the ages that preceded it; however, Mr. Groom is never offensive; only he is occasionally uninformed, treating Gibbon, for instance, as a reliable historian, as though Mr. Belloc had never exposed that pretender, and rhapsodizing over Bunyan as if Mr. Noyes had not recently pricked that Puritan bubble. In his last hurried estimates of contemporary writers, he is necessarily unsatisfactory; but there we can judge better for ourselves. The book as a whole is to be recommended as a very stimulating guide.

VERSE.

It is many years now since students of modern poetry were made familiar with the work of two ladies, who wrote together under the name of Michael Field. In *The Wattlefold* (Blackwell: 7s. 6d.) we are given the unpublished poems of these gifted and lovable writers, collected by Emily C. Fortey. The collector acknowledges that she has not discriminated or selected; perhaps, then, the collection has suffered in consequence. Even at their best the poems of "Michael Field" have a way of suggesting an idea, a fancy, and of then vanishing in the mist before we have quite caught it; perhaps in this book there are poems even more elusive, which seem to suggest that the authors had set them aside, with a view to revision later. On the other hand, in this volume as in their former work it is manifest how deeply the authors lived what they wrote. It is autobiographical, not of anything done, but of faith and its reactions on two sensitive and receptive minds, striving to express themselves in the most beautiful words they can find. Nowhere does this more appear than at the end where the hand of death first threatens them, and then effects the inevitable separation.

FICTION.

To anyone in need of a thoroughly bright book to while away a tedious railway journey or exorcise a fit of depression we may conscientiously recommend *In Masquerade* (Herbert Jenkins: 7s. 6d.), by Margaret Behrens. Written somewhat in the manner of Mr. P. G. Wodehouse, it may be read without concentration or mental effort. It is pure burlesque, but it is not so extravagant as to exclude human interest. While no acquaintance with dialect or American colloquialisms is here required, the narrative is agreeably flavoured with the sort of homely Scottish phrases which everybody understands. On the other hand the writer, in doing justice to the thrift and practical femininity of her charming heroine, convincingly refutes the worn-out libel that the gift of humour is not to be looked for north of the Tweed. If this is Mrs. Behrens' first venture in literature, we sincerely hope that it will not be her last.

There are however readers who find an anodyne more potent than light comedy in the urge to use their wits over the solution of a mystery tale. The popularity of cross-word puzzles may be appealed to as evidence of the same tendency. In *The Witch of Chelaea* (Methuen: 7s. 6d.), Miss Olga Hartley provides a problem which will maintain its interest for nearly all until the last chapter of the book is reached. Miss Hartley writes pleasantly and with the ease of a practised hand. It should also be said that, though there is nothing "py" about her story,

it does not contain a word to which the strictest censor of literature for the young person could take exception. Her Witch, though creditably equipped with the jargon belonging to her profession is not likely to provoke any unhealthy craving to dabble in the occult.

Our only complaint about Miss Cecily Hallack's latest book of stories—*Odd Job's* (B.O. and W.: 3s. 6d.)—is that there are too few of them. They centre around an old cobbler and Jack-of-all-Trades, who, after a wild youth, has "got religion," not only hot and strong, but also gentle and shrewd, so that by practical wisdom and still more practical love, he can bring light to bemused minds and balm to sore hearts. Each of these humorous tales has its own salutary moral, not lost in the abundant "jam" of anecdote, but nicely perceptible to those who have ears to hear and taste to enjoy. For sons and daughters, for nephews and nieces, and for grown-ups too—an excellent Christmas gift.

The late Canon Sheehan's fine historical novel, *The Queen's Fillet*, has been reprinted as one of the series, "The Longman Romances," at 3s. 6d. n. Scene and time concern the France of the Revolution and the First Empire, and the treatment in no way falls short of the dramatic possibilities.

The same terrible background has been chosen by Mr. H. G. Page for his novel, *The Lover of Lamballe* (Alston Rivers: 7s. 6d. n.), which selects for heroine that pathetic figure, Louise de Lamballe, but also introduces the chief characters of that gruesome tragedy, Danton, Robespierre, and the rest. The re-enactment of the Terror in Russia to-day gives additional point to this able sketch of the original version.

NON-CATHOLIC.

The Bishop of London does not always seem very happy in the choice he makes of the titles of his publications. Thus *Good News from God* (Longmans: 3s. 6d.), is the name he gives to the sermons he preached in various places during Lent, 1930. Nor do we always feel that he is always happy in his interpretation of that "good news." For instance, to insist in a whole sermon, relying on the Greek, that "Repent" means only "Change your mind," seems to us little more than a play on words, with nothing to come from it. In these sermons His Lordship gives many illustrations from his tour round the world; the rest is made up of views, on many subjects, more or less spiritual, more or less political; among these the Bishop of London tells which at the moment he holds.

More serious is a posthumous work, *God and Ourselves*, by the late Archdeacon Bodington (Longmans: 2s. 6d.). Yet this, too, is all subjective in its teaching; subjective and therefore painfully tending to substitute sentiment for faith. The author does not stand on a rock; his feet sink into soft sand; "spiritual experience," "intuitions," are poor ground on which to build the fact of God. Hence when he comes to face such things as liberty, and sin, and suffering, and life, he can only find explanations of these things; the plain independent truth, though he often crosses its path, he does not see in its logical perspective.

Much more solid, and therefore much more to the point, is *The Grace of God*, by N. P. Williams, D.D. (Longmans: 4s.), a new volume in the Anglican Library of Faith and Thought. The author confines himself,

as do our theological treatises on Grace, to a discussion of the "nature and working of Grace," leaving aside all other issues. His method is mainly historical, watching the growth of the meaning of the word among succeeding Fathers and theologians. In this order naturally St. Augustine occupies considerable space, and the analysis of his mind seems to us well drawn out. There follows an exposition of the succeeding controversy, the degree and method of co-operation between man and God in the working of grace; this, too, is discussed for the most part historically, though the author points out how in modern times the English Church has come more to the Catholic side than is suggested by the Thirty-nine Articles. The chapter on "Synergism in the Reformation" is illuminating; it shows the impossibility of Luther's "Augustinianism" with its consequences, revived by Calvinism, with Arminianism flying to the opposite pole. In the end the author concludes, holding this to be the position of "Grace in Modern Thought," with Schleiermacher and Ritschl, that "the 'suggestive' conception of grace still holds its ground as the central concept of liberal Protestant sociology." But how does this differ from Semi-Pelagianism, in spite of the author's repudiation of this only too obvious retort?

MISCELLANEOUS.

With a sardonic humour peculiarly his own, Mr. Douglas Woodruff criticizes, through the mouth of Socrates *redivivus*, certain aspects and principles of modern English life. The dialogue, which is called *Plato's Britannia* (Sheed and Ward: 6s. n.), tells many wholesome truths with a very infectious smile. The non-morality of our Capitalist system, the material ideals of our national life, the folly of feminine fashions, the futility of our politics, the enigma of our Commonwealth—on these and similar topics does Socrates discourse for our enlightenment and amusement. Mr. Woodruff has told our cousins in *Plato's American Republic* what is the matter with them; it is only fair that he should now point out our deficiencies.

MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

A large number of useful reprints have lately been brought out by the C.T.S.—a proof of the growing demand for its wares. Among them is the ever popular life of *St. Teresa of Lisieux*, by Father Allan Ross, now in its hundred and fifty-first thousand. There is also the life of *St. Clare*, by Mrs. R. Balfour, and that of the great *St. Teresa*, by David Lewis. *The English Pope (Adrian IV.)*, by G. R. Snell, we should have thought would have been in greater demand by his own countrymen and would long ago have passed the tenth thousand—its present number. Mgr. Canon Barry's excellent life of *Cardinal Newman* completes the biographical output. Other reprints include that excellent and instructive pamphlet on *The Mass*, by B. F. C. Costelloe, Father Faber's useful *Weariness in Well-doing*, and *The Supernatural Life and Doctrine of the Fall*, by Father Vassall-Phillips. *Some Debts which Science owes to Catholics*, by Sir B. Windle, refutes once more the calumny that the Church opposes genuine science. Father Morris's guide for Catholics to *Canterbury*, Father Martindale's *The Sea and its Apostolate*, two stories of the Sacrament Series, by Miss Dobrée—*Regained* and *Sylvia's*

Lesson—with **Trumpeter's Rock**, by a nun of Tyburn, complete the larger reprints. **Our Father**—Meditations on the Lord's Prayer—and a treatise on **Prayer** itself, both by Father R. Clarke, S.J., together with **Devotions to Our Lady of Perpetual Succour**, are in the smaller format.

In the list of new publications we must give first place to a long-desired account of the famous Westminster Martyr, **Blessed John Southworth**, by the Rev. J. L. Whitfield, the only English Martyr whose remains have been preserved and recovered; they are now enshrined in a crystal casket in the English Martyrs chapel at Westminster Cathedral. Fr. Whitfield records the career of the Martyr in sufficient detail; in view of the growing conviction of the power of his intercession it is interesting to note a remarkable miracle worked by his Holy Relics when still preserved at Douay, in curing a member of the house of Norfolk in 1656. There is also a fresh instalment of the Church history written by Notre Dame Sisters—**Divided Christendom: 1429—1929**, very useful for schools, and a guide to **St. Bartholomew's Priory Church, Smithfield**, by the Right Rev. Abbot Smith, C.R.L. Then we have **A Child's Life of Blessed Thomas More**, by Teresa Lloyd, which is sure to find a warm welcome, together with its companion pamphlet—also for children—on **St. Thomas Aquinas**. The interesting story of **The Conversion of H.H. the Dayang Muda of Sarawak** is clearly and simply told by herself, and has a foreword by Father Martindale. No. 1 of "The Stories of the Church" series, **An Era of Martyrs**, by Mother Keppel, is a handy and brief Church history up to the seventh century, and **Little Helpers of the Holy Souls**, compiled by the late M. E. Francis, provides a short instruction and prayer for every day of November. Father Robert Eaton edits in the New Testament series **St. Paul's Second Epistle to the Corinthians**.

The Irish Catholic Truth Society have published at 2d. a useful pamphlet on **Christian Architecture**, by James Moffat, appropriately illustrated. Also two biographies, **St. Gerard Majella, C.S.S.R.**, by the Rev. John Carr, C.S.S.R.,—an attractive account of a fascinating saint; and **De la Salle Brothers**, by the Rev. Brother Bernardine, F.S.C., a useful record of the founder and work of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

From the America Press, New York, **Why I am a Catholic**, by John H. Fasy, S.J.,—an excellent addition to their apologetic series, and a broadcast talk, **Birth Control is Wrong!** by the Rev. Ignatius W. Cox, S.J.

There are a number of entertaining things in the Christmas number of **The Catholic Fireside** (Catholic Publishing Co.: 1s.). Moreover there is some instructive reading as well. The number contains a coloured supplement which many will like to have, but we particularly like the charming picture of the Holy Night on the cover and regret that this should be cut up by any letterpress.

An amazingly cheap Christmas book comes to us from Paris, **The Almanach du Pelerin for 1931** (Le Bonne Press: 2.00 fr.). Although primarily an almanack (containing the usual information), it contains a large amount of reading, mostly for children. Many of the stories are illustrated in colour. There is also a short account of the Congress at Carthage.

We welcome the well-known **Catholic Almanack for 1931** (B.O. and W.: 1s. 6d.) which is up to its usual standard of excellence and interest. We are glad to see the full page for every day is retained, but one small addition we should like to see would be a small fixed ribbon or flap marker.

The two-penny **Catholic Calendar for 1931**, produced by the same firm, is as usual full of useful information.

BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice)

ALSTON RIVERS, LTD., London.

The Lover of Lamballe. By H. G.
Page. Pp. 352. Price, 7s. 6d. n.

AMERICA PRESS, New York.

Why I am a Catholic. By John
H. Fasy, S.J. Pp. 32. Price,
5 c. *Richard Henry Tierney,*
S.J. By F. X. Talbot, S.J.
Pp. 200. Price, \$1.50. *Anima*
Christi. By F. P. Le Buffe,
S.J. Pp. 30. Price, 30 c.
Mary's Assumption. By R. V.
O'Connell, S.J. Pp. 166. Price,
\$1.50.

BEAUCHESNE, Paris.

Saint Grégoire de Nazianze et son
Temps. By E. Fleury. Pp.
xii. 382. Price, 84.00 fr.

BENZIGER BROS., New York.

Chérie at Sacred Heart. By M. B.
McLaughlin. Pp. 188. Price,
\$1.25.

BURNS, OATES & WASHBOURNE,
London.

The Modern Adventure. By W. J.
Blyton. Pp. xi. 313. Price, 6s.
Odd Job's. By Cecily Hallack.
Pp. v. 138. Price, 3s. 6d.
Yesterdays of an Artist Monk.
By W. Verkade, O.S.B. Trans-
lated by J. L. Stoddard. Pp.
v. 304. Price, 7s. 6d. *An*
Examination of Eugenics. By
H. Robbins. Pp. 118. Price,
1s. 6d.

CATHOLIC EDUCATION PRESS,
Washington.

A College Handbook to Newman.
By Dr. E. Ryan. Pp. v. 121.
Price, \$1.25.

CATHOLIC HISTORICAL SOCIETY,
New York.

Dominicans in Early Florida. By
Very Rev. V. F. O'Daniel, O.P.
Pp. xiii. 230.

CECIL PALMER, London.

The Death of England. By
Egerton Clarke. Pp. 46. Price,
3s. 6d. n.

CROSBY LOCKWOOD, London.

The Disciple. By E. C. Alder.
Pp. 304. Price, 7s. 6d.

H. DESSAIN, Mechlin.

De Legibus Ecclesiasticis. By A.
Van Hove. Pp. xviii. 382.
Price, 40.00 fr.

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE, London.

The Flight from Reason. By
Arnold Lunn. Pp. vii. 248.
Price, 7s. 6d. n.

FLAMMARION, Paris.

Ce que Jesus Voyait du Haut de
La Croix. By A.-D. Sertillanges,
O.P., Pp. 281. Price, 12.00 fr.

GABALDA, Paris.

L'Apocalypse. By Le R. P.
Lavergne, O.F. Pp. 169. Price,
10.00 fr.

M. H. GILL & Co., Dublin.

Paul May Pakenham, Passionist.
By Rev. J. Smith, C.P. Pp.
viii. 115. Price, 3s. n.

HEINEMANN, London.

King Spider. By D. B. Wynd-
ham Lewis. Pp. xiv. 448. Price,
21s. n.

B. HERDER, London.

- The Idea of the Priesthood.* By Rev. F. E. Ehrenborg, S.J. Translated by Rev. F. Gerein. Pp. vi. 281. Price, 8s. n.
- Confession as a Means of Spiritual Progress.* By Rev. Ph. Scharsch, O.M.I. Translated by Rev. F. A. Marks. Pp. 241. Price, 6s. n.
- Conferences on the Interior Life for Sisterhoods.* Vol. III. By Rev. A. M. Skelly, O.P. Pp. xi. 335. Price, 9s. n.
- Catholic Moral Teaching in Medicine and Hygiene.* By Dr. G. Surlbed. Translated by Rev. H. J. Eggemann. Pp. x. 310. Price, 9s. n.
- Retreats for Catholic Women and Girls.* By the Rev. P. Stiegele. Translated by Rev. C. F. Keyser. Pp. vi. 158. Price, 5s. n.
- Ethics.* By P. G. Clenn. Pp. xiii. 302. Price, 7s. n.
- Immortality.* By Rev. T. Mainage, O.P. Translated by Rev. J. M. Lelen. Pp. 273. Price, 8s. n.
- Why we Honour St. Joseph.* By the Rev. A. Power, S.J. Pp. viii. 120. Price, 5s.
- Luther.* By H. Grisar, S.J. Translated by F. J. Eble, M.A. Pp. x. 609. Price, 17s. 6d.
- Jesus and Mary.* By Rev. A. M. Skelly, O.P. Pp. vii. 294. Price, 7s.
- God with Us.* By Rev. A. Kaiser, C.P.P.S. Pp. xiv. 283. Price, 9s.

LIBRAIRE FELIX ALCAN, Paris.

- La Psychophysique Humaine d'Après Aristôte.* By Paul Siwek. Pp. 210. Price, 30.00 fr.

LONGMANS, London.

- Father William Doyle, S.J.* By Professor A. O'Rahilly. Pp. xxiii. 605. Price, 7s. 6d. n.

MACMILLAN & CO., London.

- The Faith of a Moralist.* By A. E. Taylor. Two series. Pp. xxii. 437 : xx. 437. Price, 15s. each.

MARII & MARIETTI, Turin.

- De Donis SS. in Genere.* By Fr. G. M. Paris, O.P. Pp. xii. 114. Price, 6.00 l.
- Commentarium in C.I.C.* By G. Cocchi, C.M. Lib. IV. Pp. viii. 666. Price, 20.00 l.

Epitome de Sacramenti Poenitentiae Ministerio. By S. Uccello. Pp. vii. 512. Price, 15.00 l.

MEDICI SOCIETY, London.

- War Letters to a Wife.* By Rowland Feilding. Pp. xiv. 283. Popular Edition, 7s. 6d. n.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS.

- Poems of Gerard Manley Hopkins.* Edited by Robert Bridges. (2nd ed.) Pp. xiv. 159. Price, 7s. 6d. n.

SHEED & WARD, London.

- The Spirit of the Liturgy.* By Romano Guardini. Pp. 148. Price, 2s. 6d. n.
- The Things that are not Cæsar's.* By Jacques Maritain. Translated by J. F. Scanlan. Pp. xxvii. 227. Price, 7s. 6d.

S.P.C.K., London.

- Irish Visions of the Other World.* By St. John D. Seymour. Pp. 192. Price, 6s.

STOCKWELL, London.

- Old Fundamentals in Modern Light.* By W. McAdam Eccles. Pp. 57. Price, 2s. 6d. n.

TEQUI, Paris.

- Le Bon Cardinal Richard.* By Yvonne de la Vergne. Pp. 280. Price, 12.00 fr.
- La Très Sainte Vierge Marie et la Purgatoire.* By Canon J. Millot. Pp. 254. Price, 9.00 fr.
- Le Culte du Cœur Eucharistique de Jésus.* By R. P. J.-B. Lemus, O.M.I. (2nd ed.). Pp. xxx. 164. Price, 6.00 fr.
- La Défense de l'Intelligence.* By Abbé H. de la Selle. (2nd ed.). Pp. 190. Price, 8.00 fr.
- De L'Art D'Etre Malade.* By P. J. Chamberland. Pp. 66. Price, 4.00 fr.
- Manuel d'Etudes Bibliques.* By Abbés Lusseau and Collomb. (Tome V., 1st part). Pp. xiii. 614. Price, 30.00 fr.

UNIVERSITY PRESS, Cork. (Longmans).

- Property in the Eighteenth Century.* By Paschal Larkin. O.S.F.C. Pp. xii. 252. Price, 10s. 6d. n.

